THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK :—	
Public Affairs: At Home	627
" " Abroad	628
Literature	629
Obituary	630
"A SPLENDID VICTORY"!	630
THE GOVERNMENT AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION	631
TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL	632
A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR THE FARMER	633
FINANCE	634
THIS MORNING'S PAPER. By "A Mere Outsider"	635
MR. SALA	637
THE ART OF DINING	638
GRAY'S INN AND *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*	639
IMPRESSIONS OF THE BALTIC.—III. St. Petersburg. By Maurice Todhunter	640
THE MEMORIAL TO MRS. BROWNING. By A. M.	641
THE DRAMA :—Sir Edward Russell on Garrick. By A. B. W.	642
THE HUMILIATION OF ENGLAND. By Our Constantinople Correspondent	643
ITALY, FRANCE, AND THE PAPACY. By An Old Italian	644
LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN TOURAINE. By Dora Roscoe	645
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR :—	
The National Liberal Federation	646
Carlyle's "Frederick"	647
VERSE :—	
Wanted! A Voice. By William J. Locke	647
A LITERARY CAUSERIE :—	
Lady Eastlake. By A. B.	647
REVIEWS :—John Knox	648
The Memoirs of Count de Ségur	650
Speculative Archæology	651
A Journalist's Reminiscences	652
Tartar History	653
Fiction	654
First Impressions	655

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE Duke of Westminster, it is announced, has come to London for the purpose of taking part in a further attempt to move the English public on behalf of the people of Armenia. We honour him for having so quickly responded to the appeal of a perishing people, and we wish for the sake of England that many of those who sympathise with him on questions of home policy would follow him in this business, which lies outside the region of party politics. Never was there a more urgent necessity that the people of England should assert themselves and vindicate their honour than that which exists at this moment. The events of the past week at Constantinople, the tardy concession made by the Sultan on the question of the gunboats, and the return of Said Pasha to his own house, only throw into greater prominence the ghastly tragedy which they are intended to mask. A telegraphic appeal from the Armenians, which reached this country by a circuitous route on Thursday evening, declares that one hundred thousand Armenians have been massacred and that half a million are reduced to something like starvation. No one acquainted with the truth will regard these figures as exaggerated. Abdul Hamid has decreed that the Armenians shall make their choice between extermination and the acceptance of Mahomedanism. And there are people in England who rebuke us because we have dared to complain of the feeble and ineffectual efforts which the English Government has made to prevent the consummation of this awful crime. We do not envy them the "patience" they possess in so superabundant a degree, and for the absence of which on our part they reproach us. Let them, if they please, remain wrapped in their mantle of selfish indifference. It is a shroud which covers the dead honour of the nation. The silence, the inaction, of England at this moment is the foulest blot that our fair fame as a people has ever suffered, and those who are responsible for it are traitors to the country they profess to serve. However weak our voice may be, it shall at least be raised to the last in protest against the policy of selfish cowardice which prevents England—the whilom "protector" of the Sultan—from striking with a strong hand at the monster for whose crimes it must be held so largely responsible.

THERE has been no special development in the controversy upon the Education question during the week, if we except the letter addressed by Sir William Harcourt to a meeting of Liberals at Pudsey, and the meeting at Birmingham to inaugurate a Voluntary Schools Defence Association. Sir William Harcourt spoke out clearly and emphatically against the policy of the Clerical party, urging upon Liberals the necessity of watching the Government carefully in order to see how far they are likely to abide by their disclaimer of any intention to upset the Settlement of 1870. He condemned strongly, as "a painful exhibition of that narrow jealousy which is prepared to sacrifice the cause of education to sectarian interests," the proposal of the friends of the Voluntary Schools to depress the standard in Board Schools. At Birmingham the meeting in defence of Voluntary Schools was chiefly notable for the fact that a Protestant and a Roman Catholic bishop were among the speakers. It was significant that none of the members for the city attended, and, according to a statement in the *Birmingham Post*, Mr. Chamberlain adheres to his old views on the subject of the schools.

IT is impossible not to feel a certain amount of pity for Lord George Hamilton in the dilemma in which he found himself placed on Wednesday, when he had to meet a deputation from Lancashire who had come to ask him to redeem his pledges on the question of the Indian Cotton Duties. Of course, he was unable to do anything of the sort; and the most he would promise was that, following the example of his predecessor, he would see that Lancashire had fair-play in the matter. It must have been intensely humiliating to Lord George that he who made himself so prominent in attacking the late Government in connection with these duties should now have been compelled to admit that the late Government, and Sir Henry Fowler in particular, were in the right last February, whilst he was in the wrong. It makes us wonder more than ever that he accepted the offer of the Indian Secretaryship when it was made to him by Lord Salisbury. Certainly few men have had to pay a heavier price for that dignified and important post. As for Lancashire, it must now begin to see how far it was befooled last July. Sensible people knew at the time that the Lancashire voters were crying for the moon. But, misled by their own selfishness, they persisted in pursuit of a mere will-o'-the-wisp, and they now have their reward. A contested election in Lancashire just now would be extremely interesting.

LAST spring the oldest and most dignified organ of Conservatism announced that its party had now become "the party of vested interests." We

ventured to suggest that the conflicting claims of its component parts would soon be found to be irreconcilable; and every week brings fresh verification of our prophecy. Not to mention the Education controversy, with which we deal elsewhere, the agricultural interest, once the chief strength of Conservatism, has now come into conflict with a still more important element, the brewing interest, and has, indeed, proved in one matter to be divided against itself. The deputation which Lord Winchilsea introduced to Lord Salisbury, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Long, on Wednesday afternoon, wanted a reduction in the beer tax in the interest of the English grower of barley, so as to give an advantage to the production of beer from British malt and hops. But they got nothing beyond sympathy, except assurances which together amounted to this: that Protection was impossible in the present generation, but that the claims of barley should be considered equally with those of sugar in beer production, so far as the experts could secure an even balance. They were warned that their proposal meant Protection, and that it also involved interfering with the brewers during the process of brewing, which the latter would not tolerate. Similarly, when Mr. Long, later in the day, met a deputation which urged him to have all imported cattle slaughtered at the ports of shipment, he could only reply that he would do his best to keep out disease, but could make no promises—obviously because he has to consider the agriculturists who fatten store cattle as well as those who confine themselves to English beasts.

Lord Salisbury's disclaimer of the advocacy of Protection imputed to him by Sir Frank Lockwood, who is "a distinguished caricaturist," comes rather oddly from a speaker who has just been insisting on the distinction between theory and practice in another department of economics. Lord Salisbury had been pointing out—what is perfectly true in real life, though less so in the abstract Ricardian world—that agricultural depression does not affect the landlords alone. Then he assured his audience that he had never advocated Protection—only Reciprocity—and that the two ideas had no necessary connection. Possibly not, in an ideal world; but in practice the retaliatory duties which are the means to reciprocity involve a partial and provisional protection of the home producer for the sake, not of doing him good, but of doing harm to somebody else. And as all these operations and international negotiations take a great deal of time, the retaliatory duties, by the time they have begun to work upon the mind of the foreign Government, must certainly have raised up a powerful interest at home in the shape of home producers whose chief object it will be to secure their continuance. Thus the steps towards "reciprocity tend to defeat their own object. And it may further be remarked that, as this provisional encouragement to any trade by temporary duties would certainly, in the present state both of capital and of invention, bring new home producers into the trade, who would compete with those already established with all the advantages given by improved machinery and processes, it must necessarily injure the established producers—a consideration which "the party of vested interests" ought surely to take into account.

At last there is a prospect of a speedy end to the great shipbuilding dispute. Under the presidency of Lord James of Hereford, representatives of both sides have met in conference this week at Glasgow, and as the result of two days' discussion the masters have offered a compromise which the men's representatives—though not recommending its acceptance—have agreed to submit to a ballot. There are indications that it will be accepted, and so a very serious struggle will be terminated. The dispute was originally about very small matters, and was then only of local import, and the way in which it has served as an occasion for a general disturbance all through the trade is a sign that there may be fresh troubles in store in the near future. At least, it has given both sides and the public generally an opportunity to reflect on what a suspension of one of our most successful and most threatened industries might easily mean—both to our industrial supremacy and to the needs of our national defence.

The proceedings last Tuesday at the distribution of the certificates of proficiency in commercial subjects awarded by the London Chamber of Commerce ought to afford some encouragement to those who, like a correspondent whose letter we printed last week, are inclined to despair of English education. The number of candidates for certificates is not indeed very large, but the fact that some 44 per cent. are unsuccessful is an indication that the examiners are not too lenient. The Chamber encourages foreign languages and commercial subjects, and is about to summon a conference of representatives of the Universities and the Public Schools as a means of extending its operations. We hope the teaching will not be made too practical—we remember, for instance, a case, unconnected with the Chamber, in which a class in Spanish had as their sole reading-book somebody's "Manual of Commercial Correspondence"—and that a sound foundation for a business training will be eventually laid in the elements of political economy. But such subjects as commercial history and geography can be made really interesting and educative, and text-books are not wanting.

ABROAD.

French politics just at present are rather difficult for the foreign observer to follow, because the campaign against the Ministry is degenerating into mere guerilla warfare. The Arton case, so far, has produced nothing but another vote of confidence—passed by the sufficient majority of 485 to 1—and the Moderate Republicans are driven to seek relief in grumbling at the reopening of the Bourse du Travail by Ministerial decree, and similar small matters. A less respectable section of the Opposition—made up, it appears, of Reactionaries, a few of the "Rallied," and certain Boulangists who are not particular as to their weapons—have been busy prophesying that a scandal would shortly be revealed touching the private life of the President of the Republic. The true story has been published—in those leading journals, be it noted, which are now in opposition, the *Temps* and the *Débats*—and the manœuvre turns out to be a disgraceful and wholly futile attempt to strike at the President through his wife. The facts as published—which need not be repeated here—reflect no shadow of discredit on her and redound to the credit of her husband. Outside the sphere of the Boulevard journalist France is perhaps the most domestic country in the world, and her people—who can even tolerate a Prix Monthyon without seeing anything ridiculous in it—are specially susceptible to the display of the more ordinary virtues in a form tinged with romance. Hardly anything could be more effective to a popular audience than the story of how the struggling young tradesman stuck to the bride of his choice undeterred by the fact that her father had been a fraudulent bankrupt; and the attempt to punish the President for his support of the Radical Ministry can only result in making him more popular than before.

Herr von Köller has really gone—not, apparently, because the Emperor or the rest of the

In our advertisement pages will be found some particulars of the special trains which the Midland Railway will run during Christmas and the following weeks. A list is issued of the booking offices at which there will be an early issue of tickets.

Ministers objected to his prosecution of the Socialists, but either because he disagreed with the War Minister or because, according to one inspired paragraph, his colleagues were too much inclined to the policy of the Manchester School to secure his further co-operation. In other words, Herr von Köller is an Agrarian, and the rest of the Ministry retain some shreds of respect for economic knowledge. However this may be, he has retired with a decoration as a special mark of Imperial favour, and his place is taken by Baron von der Recke von Horst—a bureaucrat, the son of a bureaucrat, and a *protégé* of Herr von Puttkamer, but credited, nevertheless, with a good record and with a less extreme Conservatism than Herr von Köller, inasmuch as he comes from Westphalia, not from East Prussia. It is stated, however, that his religious views are "ultra-orthodox," and such views in Germany almost invariably imply political Toryism of an intensity unknown in England. So it is probable that the ridiculous and dangerous campaign against the Socialists will go on unchecked—except in the Reichstag, where it is reported a threat by the Socialist members to produce some of the Hammerstein correspondence has caused the question of their prosecution to be dropped.

THE particulars given by the *Vorwärts* of the fifty-six prosecutions for *lèse-majesté* which have taken place within the last three months are more suggestive than ever of the familiar parallel of which we spoke last week. When a workman, being drunk, tears down the Emperor's portrait, and being denounced by his wife is convicted of *lèse-majesté*, we feel that a point has been reached beyond the absurdities even of the prosecutions for *laesa majestas* recorded by Tacitus—prosecutions for allowing a statue of Augustus to be seized by the brokers, or using its sanctity as a screen while abusing an adversary. But the German official classes are not classical scholars. So Herr Bebel has had an opportunity of pointing out in the Reichstag that the party of order are the real Revolutionists, and the War Minister has repeated the Emperor's threat as to the use of the army to help the revolution.

WE print to-day a very important article dealing with a subject to which we referred briefly last week—the attitude likely to be adopted by the Italian Government at the election of the next Pope. That our correspondent is familiar with the views prevalent in Ministerial circles will easily be seen from his attitude towards France and his views of the continuity of French policy as regards Italy from the time of the Second Empire. It may perhaps be objected that France contains powerful parties wholly anti-Clerical, and that the French aid stated to have been given to the Italian Radicals has been so greatly exaggerated that ordinary readers may be inclined to disbelieve in it altogether. But, without at all endorsing our correspondent's views on special points, it is well that the world should know the real intentions of the Italian Ministerialists in a crisis which nothing can defer much longer except an actual miracle.

THE incidents of Italian domestic politics are cast into the shade this week by the very heavy disaster which befell the advance-guard of General Arimondi's army in Abyssinia on Sunday morning last. The defeat in itself, and the loss of (according to the latest estimates) 2,000 troops, chiefly native, and sixty Italian officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, would not in itself be much more than a serious check to Italian hopes. But General Arimondi's force appears to be still in considerable danger from the two converging forces of Ras Makonnen and Ras Mangascia; the Italian supremacy in the province of Tigré is very seriously threatened, and the work of the last two years is endangered. The Italian forces appear to have behaved magnificently, and their commander died the death of a hero. It need hardly be said that the Government has acted with vigour and promptitude, and that reinforcements are to be sent at once. Whatever we may think of the forward policy of Italy in Abyssinia, it is obvious that at the present moment no other course is open to them than that of recovering and avenging their loss. And we cannot refuse our admiration to the spirit of the men who are carrying out that policy, or our sympathy in the calamity that has befallen them.

THE reform of the franchise in Austria promised by the new Ministry will be laid before the Reichsrath when it meets after the Christmas recess. It is stated, however, that it supplements the representation of the present Estates of the Realm—the great proprietors, the commercial classes, the townspeople, and the rural population—by a fourth category, which will consist of seventy representatives of the people as a whole, and who will be elected by manhood suffrage, at the rate of one to every 500,000 of the population. Thus the classes at present represented will vote twice over; and, besides, their 353 representatives will always be able to outvote the new members. The plan is ingenious on paper, but it seems likely in practice only to introduce new groups—particularly a strong Socialist group—into a Legislature already more diversified than any the world has ever seen.

LITERATURE.

THE literary week has been diversified by an amusing renewal of an old controversy between Professor Max Müller and Andrew Lang. Professor Max Müller, in the new preface to the revised edition of the fourth volume of his "Chips from a German Workshop" (just published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.), carefully reasserts the familiar theory of mythology—especially classical mythology—which makes it a disease of language, and good-humouredly attacks Mr. Andrew Lang in particular, among his opponents, as a populariser of the theories of Mannhardt. Hereupon Mr. Lang makes a characteristic defence of his position in Thursday's *Daily News*. "In great ignorance of Mannhardt," he hit upon the same theory fifteen years at least before he had ever heard of that learned writer. His real masters, he says, were MacLennan and Tylor, and his theory—to summarise his exposition—is precisely the converse of Professor Max Müller's as to the connection of mythology and language. Man did not attribute sex to all things because they were male and female, or regard things as persons because the roots of their names were expressive of action. He regarded things as persons, and gave them male and female names accordingly. And, when Mr. Lang found that the learned took a name to be Greek or Semitic or Accadian, and interpreted it [variously] of dawn, dark, storm, wind, the sun, the moon, a river, or what you please, he "permitted cheerfulness to break in" in the shape of ridicule. It is hardly likely that either disputant will convince the followers of the other, but one cannot help feeling that Professor Max Müller's theory, for all the grace with which it is expressed, belongs to that stage of research when Sanskrit was supposed to be a language of high antiquity. There was surely personification long before there were genders, and ancestor worship long before primitive man had arrived at the power of romancing about names. And—to take a concrete illustration, used in the preface before us, which describes Professor Max Müller's method—surely the mediæval location of Heaven has no connection with the fact that *Deus* is etymologically connected with the sky!

VARIOUS special express and excursion trains will be run by the London and North-Western Railway Company during the Christmas holidays, and of these some particulars will be found in our advertisement pages.

THE Great Northern Railway Company will, as usual, run a number of specia trains during Christmas week, and some details of these will be found in our advertising columns.

A NEW channel for the entry of French literature into England has been opened by Mudie's Library. This week, as agents of Messrs. Armand Colin & Co., educational publishers of Paris, they send us two of the books published by that firm. One is an attractive "Album Historique," by M. A. Parmentier, published under the supervision of M. Ernest Lavisse, and containing 2,000 delightful pictures illustrating all departments of mediæval life. The second book is a selection of extracts—suitable, as far as we can make out, for Mr. Podsnap's Young Person—from the works of Gustave Flaubert. They are certainly very good literature, but we do not know whether English teachers will trust to the native illiteracy of British youth to prevent any further study of *Madame Bovary*.

MR. MURRAY is on the point of placing in the hands of the booksellers a book which will be eagerly welcomed—"Dean Stanley's Letters and Verses," edited by Mr. Prothero. Among the letters are some addressed to the Queen, and given here by permission of her Majesty. The letters chosen from the Dean's correspondence are chiefly on subjects of general interest; "none touch," says the preface, "on theological controversies." The verses include "The Gypsies," the Oxford prize poem, and have not been published before.

A VERY interesting collection of Lithographs by Mr. Whistler is on view at the Fine Art Society's gallery; a charming touch of colour is discovered in some of the specimens. The Trilby original studies—and the compositions have improved neither on Trilby nor on Mr. Du Maurier—are to remain in the same gallery till the end of the year. At Messrs. Graves' Galleries we are shortly to have "A Dream of Venice," a series of water-colours by the American artist, Mr. G. M. Haushalter; and at the Goupil Gallery Mr. Peppercorn's modest little drawings are to close the year.

OBITUARY.

CARDINAL PERSICO will be remembered as the ecclesiastic who, when only a Monsignor and an Archbishop *in partibus*, was sent over by the Papal authorities to report on the Plan of Campaign, and whose information—derived, as was maintained at the time, from only one side—produced its formal condemnation.—The Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt was a well-known Oxonian, an artist of some merit—who, however, remained an amateur—and a writer on art and art antiquities, a poet, and a writer of a novel dealing with the attractive but hopeless subject of Oxford undergraduate life.—Archdeacon Browne had achieved distinction as a classical scholar of the old-fashioned English type.—M. Th. de la Villemarqué was one of the best known of Breton scholars. His "Barzaz-breiz," a collection of Breton popular songs, is one of the best known collections of Breton classics.—To Mr. G. A. Sala we refer elsewhere.

"A SPLENDID VICTORY."

THE official press all over Europe has raised cries of rejoicing over what is described as the great diplomatic triumph of the Powers at Constantinople. We cannot believe that any sensible people are likely to join in those cries. To us it seems that the tardy surrender of the Sultan fills up the cup of Europe's humiliation. What are the facts? For months past we have been assured that the one way in which anything could be done to help the unhappy victims of Turkish savagery was by maintaining "the concert of Europe." Those of us who ventured to call for some show of vigour on the part of individual states, and, above all, on the part of England, which has incurred so heavy a responsibility with regard to Turkey, were treated as being fanatics, or something worse. Whatever happens, the concert of the Great Powers must be maintained, we were told, for in that concert lay the only hope of the Armenians, and the only means of compelling the Sultan to abandon his career of brutal criminality. Months passed away; the Armenians were slaughtered by thousands, but the concert of Europe was maintained, and everything was therefore for the best. But at last even the official supporters of the English Government became impatient. The concert of Europe, they declared, was all very well in its way, but if it were a concerted resolve on the part of the Powers to do nothing at all, of what benefit was it likely to be to the Armenians? The tide of massacre had reached even the streets of Stamboul, and life was unsafe in the capital itself. Were the Powers going to remain satisfied with agreeing together, and doing nothing? The angry protestations and inquiries which were thus addressed to the statesmen of Europe produced at last a certain effect. It was announced to the world that the great Powers had called upon the Sultan to allow them to send an additional gunboat apiece to protect the embassies at Constantinople. The demand was almost ridiculous in its character. The notion that half a dozen additional gunboats moored in the Bosphorus would suffice to stem the tide of Mussulman fanaticism and cruelty in Asia Minor was too preposterous to be seriously entertained. Still it was something that the Powers should have taken even this small step forward. Nobody doubted that when Europe thus spoke with united voice Abdul Hamid would make instant submission. But what happened? For three weeks he kept all Europe at bay. He dismissed some of his Ministers for daring to advise submission. He plotted the murder of the leading Turkish statesman who was left in his capital because he feared that he, too, was in favour of yielding. And all the while he hurried on the work of murder and outrage, so that these three weeks of insolent defiance have cost the lives of thousands of innocent persons. At last he has yielded, but not to the concert of Europe. It was the pressure brought to bear upon him by the Russian Ambassador, M. de Nelidoff, that in the end led Abdul Hamid to grant a request which from the first he must have known to be one of no real importance. This is the great diplomatic triumph upon which Europe is invited to congratulate itself. Three weeks of pressure on the part of the Powers, of insolent defiance on the part of the Sultan, and of unspeakable anguish on the part of the Armenians, have given us five additional gunboats in the Bosphorus, where they are never likely to be of the smallest use to anybody.

We have been blamed for having given open expression to our strong dissatisfaction with the policy of Lord Salisbury, and we are charged with injuring the cause of the Armenians by thus converting it into a party question. Heaven knows that we have never wished to make party-capital out of a cause which is that of our common humanity, nor can it be truthfully affirmed that we have done so. We believe, on the contrary, that in common with most of those who have grown impatient under the inaction of the English Government, we have said nothing that has been half as strong as it should have been upon this subject. We have only to look back at the history of the past four months in order to realise all that has been lost during that terrible

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

period through the weakness of England. We do not blame Lord Salisbury because of his anxiety to maintain the Concert of Europe and to prevent the outbreak of a general war. But we do blame him for having treated this European Concert as though it were a fetish to be preserved, no matter at what cost of honour or of duty. If he could not induce the other Powers to join with him in putting an end to deeds that will for ever disgrace our century, then the very least we had a right to expect of him was that he would let us know with whom the responsibility for this criminal inaction lay. No matter what the Power was that was thus shielding the Sultan in his devil's work, the exposure of its infamy was called for by outraged humanity. But Lord Salisbury did not take this step, and by remaining silent he made himself in part responsible for the inaction of Europe and the consequent triumph of Turkey. To tell us where the hitch was, we repeat, was the least that he could have done in order to clear his country from complicity in that which can only be described as an international crime. But we may go further, and ask how long it has been necessary that Great Britain should secure the joint action of all Europe before she dared to intervene on behalf of the victims of a merciless oppression. Even if there had been no direct responsibility on our part for the fact that the Sultan was in a position to put a vast number of his subjects to the sword, the duty of England in such circumstances would have seemed plain enough to our forefathers. In the last appeal from our correspondent at Constantinople, which we print on another page, he asks what Cromwell would have done in such an emergency as that which now exists. There is no need to answer the question. But Lord Salisbury is no Cromwell. With the most powerful fleet in the world at his command, and with the enthusiastic support of Italy behind him, he has not dared to do that which would most certainly have been done, not by a Cromwell only, but by a Pitt, a Palmerston, or a Gladstone. The work of murder has been carried on under the very eyes of England, in territory the secure possession of which is guaranteed to the Sultan by the English Government; and not a ship has been moved, or a soldier landed, or a shot fired, to save a nation from being exterminated! These are the facts, and history will know how to pronounce upon them. Yet we are told by complacent Ministerial journalists that we are guilty of indecent effrontery in saying that in these transactions Lord Salisbury has shown himself to be the reverse of the strong man we had all hoped that he was.

What is to be done now? In the *Globe* of Wednesday evening we find the following definition of the duty of Europe now that it has secured its noble diplomatic victory over the murderer of the Yildiz Kiosk. "The immediate business of the Powers," this Ministerial journal asserts, "is to give the Sultan all the help they can in rehabilitating the tottering structure of Ottoman rule." We shall be glad to know if this really represents the last word of the Government on the Turkish question. If it does, we imagine that it will not be long left to THE SPEAKER alone to raise its voice in indignant protest against Lord Salisbury's line of action. We are to do nothing for the Armenians; they are to be left, in the terrible winter of Asia Minor, to make their choice between the sword and the Koran, just as though we were still in the Middle Ages and the Turk were still omnipotent in Europe. Our business, it seems, is to rehabilitate the tottering structure of Ottoman rule—to give fresh strength to the arm of Abdul Hamid and cheer him on in his work of slaughter. We imagine that the majority of the English people would rather see Russia seated securely on the Bosphorus than their country guilty of this unspeakable wickedness. We are no fanatics on this question of Turkey. We have no desire to pull down the "tottering structure of Ottoman rule," so long as it can be converted into a structure in which human life is safe and civilisation is not a mockery. But to prop up a Power which Mr. Freeman once described as "the empire of Sodom" is something the English people will never do again. They have done it too often already, to their cost, and they now see the consequences. The Minister who at this hour of the day were to ask England to raise a finger to prevent the subjugation of Turkey by any Christian Power would find the nation arrayed against him. If Lord Salisbury has not the courage to act, if needs be, alone, he must not be unprepared to see Russia take the work out of his hands, and carry it to completion amid the applause of all civilised mankind.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

THE Education question has decidedly developed in these last few days, and on the whole in a manner which is favourable to the opponents of the new Clerical aggression. Sir William Harcourt has come out with a strong and sensible letter, dissecting the Bishop of London's hard case in merciless fashion, and wisely emphasising the fact that the present movement is designed not merely to support Church Schools but also to undermine Board Schools. It is well to be reminded that if we permit the clergy to put their drag-chain on the Board Schools, we wilfully handicap ourselves in the competition with other nations which spend lavishly on Education in the belief that it is the best of all investments. We shall look shortly for other Liberal leaders to take this line and enforce it on public platforms. That the Duke of Argyll should have strongly supported the Clerical side on the following day will be no surprise to his friends, who have noted a growing sympathy with Anglicanism among the changes of his later years. But on Tuesday also there came the long-promised counterblast to Mr. Dixon's movement in the form of a meeting at Birmingham, said to consist of "Roman Catholics, Churchmen, and Wesleyans." Where the Wesleyans came in we have no idea, for, so far as the newspaper reports tell us, it appears to have been a gathering of Mr. Diggle and the Catholics, who urged the opposite of everything that the Wesleyans put forward in their deputation to Lord Salisbury a week earlier. The meeting, however, had its interesting points. Mr. Diggle observed the absence of all the Birmingham members, and menacingly told them that they would have to come on to that platform. Their past record, we admit, encourages this audacity, yet, even so, we hope Mr. Diggle may be mistaken. But perhaps the best contribution was from Cardinal Vaughan, who sent a delightfully-patronising letter in benediction of the new Birmingham—so enlightened, so full of grace, so anxious to make amends for the error and ignorance of its Radical days. This apostolic condescension must indeed have been balm to Mr. Chamberlain's soul.

The Cardinal, however, was just a trifle premature, for on the following day came an article in the *Birmingham Post* declaring Mr. Chamberlain to be practically unrepentant, and mapping out his

future course of action in language which wore that air of authority so familiar to us all in the old days. We have waited long for that communication, and if the Cardinal was the means of eliciting it, he deserves the gratitude of us all. Apart from the Duke of Devonshire's speech, it is the first hint we have had of the feelings of the Liberal Unionist members of the Government on this question. "Mr. Chamberlain," we are told, "has already made his course perfectly clear," which is by no means the case, but let that pass. "He still holds in principle the views he held when he was the animating spirit of the National Education League":—

> But, guided by the experience of later years, and looking to the cost of such a change, and to the general set of public opinion, he is not now prepared forcibly to substitute a general School Board system for the existing dual arrangement; and therefore, it may be assumed, he would agree with the Duke of Devonshire in making some additional State grants, though only, it may be also assumed, to a limited and carefully guarded extent. And this, we believe, will be the ultimate decision of the Government as a whole—the denominational schools are to be so helped as to prevent them from being destroyed or seriously impaired; but at the same time nothing will be done to hinder the natural development of the representative system wherever additional schools are required.

The following day the same paper announced that the Liberal Unionist plan would be to raise the 17s. 6d. limit to £1 all round, but at the same time to give nothing to the denominational schools which is not given to Board Schools. This shows a certain misconception of what the 17s. 6d. limit really is. It is not, let us say, a fixed limit which prescribes that the Voluntary Schools shall receive that amount and no more, it is a rule which lays down that they may receive anything which they may earn up to 17s. 6d. per child, irrespective of voluntary contributions, but that in order to receive anything beyond that point they must be able to show that their voluntary contributions from all sources are at least equivalent to the total amount of the grant. A mere removal of the limit would give but the most trifling contribution to Voluntary Schools—so small are the deductions on this account—but what we imagine is aimed at in the Birmingham scheme is a positive increase in the Government grant so that it shall amount to £1 a head all round, which would, indeed, be a very substantial contribution to the Voluntary Schools, and, if given to the Board Schools simultaneously, no slight burden on the taxpayer.

Let us say, however, that Mr. Chamberlain's views are a substantial improvement on Lord Salisbury's. Lord Salisbury would level down the Board Schools and check their advance, nominally in the interests of economy, really in the interests of the less efficient Church Schools. Mr. Chamberlain would concede something to the victorious Tories, but he would have no tampering with the Board Schools, and he would hold out for the principle of simultaneity. Whatever is given to Voluntary Schools is, in his opinion, to be given also to Board Schools. These are, at all events, two entirely different points of view. Mr. Chamberlain, adhering in principle to the views of the National Education League, is, of course, averse from giving any further largesse of money to privately controlled schools. If he does it at all, he will do it from stern necessity, and regard the payment as a ransom for the freedom of Board Schools. At least, that is what we shall continue to hope until we are undeceived. Lord Salisbury, on the other hand, is contemptuous of Board Schools, entertains but a poor opinion of national education generally, and has only one object, which is to assist the Church Schools. If he can fling a shot at the Board Schools in so doing, that will add zest to the performance and contribute to the general aim of levelling down. This conflict of opinion can only be abated by the defeat of one party or other in the Cabinet, and Lord Salisbury's friends were saying last week that it was not to be his party. We are by no means certain of that. The Duke of Devonshire has hinted, not obscurely, that in this matter he is no Salisburian, Mr. Chamberlain is not a novice in the art of fighting colleagues, Sir John Gorst is to be reckoned with, and behind Sir John is the impetus of the administrative machine, which is all in favour of maintaining the *status quo*. For the Church party, it is a real stroke of irony that the change of Government has brought to the Education Office two men who by constitution and temperament are entirely opposed to their demands. The Church party will no doubt fight hard, and, according to their custom, make the most of the fact that the Birmingham plan of equal treatment to Board and Voluntary Schools is worse for the taxpayer than their own plan of exclusive treatment for Church Schools. Liberals, meanwhile, may reasonably take comfort from the fact that the endeavour to disturb a wise compromise has already involved their opponents in this hurly-burly of irreconcilable schemes. That in itself is a certain guarantee against the worst kind of reaction.

TWISTING THE LION'S TAIL.

WE are probably on the eve of another of those eruptions which have always diversified our intercourse with our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic. The Behring Sea seizures, the Nicaragua incident last year, and the Hawaiian revolution have all served as the occasion for brief outbursts of American Jingoism. The Venezuelan controversy has been more stimulating; and in spite of the fact that the latest news points to a separation of the issues involved, and to an entirely pacific settlement, there is little doubt that the settlement will be accompanied with a great deal of wild talk in Congress and still wilder talk in the American Press. Much will be heard of the Monroe doctrine—which it is needless to point out has developed very considerably since it was first propounded by its author. Still more will be said of the marauding habits of Great Britain and of her settled policy of aggrandisement at the expense of her weaker neighbours all over the world. The attacks read curiously when it is remembered how, at various times in our history, we have simply thrown away such treasures as Cuba and Manila and Java; but the doctrine is ingrained in Americans of both sexes at school, and it is not easy, even for an Englishman who has come under its influence, to lose the impression of it in after-life. Abuse of England, therefore, is always certain of some degree of response from the native American masses—not to speak of the American-Irish, for whose feelings towards us we, as a nation, must bear most of the blame. And as such abuse will certainly be reciprocated on this side of the Atlantic, it is worth while considering how far it need be taken seriously.

That there has always been a certain anti-English feeling in the American masses is, we think, indisputable. It was started by our fatuous economic policy in the last century, of which those who wish may read in Adam Smith; it was kept

up by the measures which provoked the Revolution, and was revived once more by the War of 1812. De Tocqueville, as Mr. Bryce has reminded us, mentions that the Americans of his day bore an intense hatred to the English; and after occasional outbreaks over the Ashburton treaty and the Canadian rebellion and the Oregon dispute, it was dying away when it was roused once more by the incidents attendant on the War of Secession. The enthusiasm excited by Commodore Wilkes's seizure of the Confederate envoys in a British ship—one of the grossest violations of international law ever committed—led to preparation for war, on our side at any rate; and, but that President Lincoln and Mr. Seward were wise in time, an irreparable injury might have resulted to the Union. Since then the feeling has died down gradually—extinguished in the wealthier classes by international intercourse, but always sufficiently present in the masses to render an exposure of the alleged misdeeds of England an obvious bid for the Irish vote and "good copy" for the Press. But, as we pointed out some two months ago, the shrinkage of the world has now brought America out of her political isolation. She has assumed, semi-officially, the *rôle* of Patron-general of the other Republics of the New World. She has officially announced her determination to protect them against European—and particularly against English—aggrandisement. Even President Cleveland and his Administration have had to make concessions to the Jingo fanatics. How far—apart from pure accident—is this new Jingoism likely to result in action?

The development of the Venezuelan controversy, we think, has made it possible more clearly to estimate the probabilities in this matter. Real European aggression in South America—apart from the one question of the disputed boundary of Venezuela—is out of the sphere of practical politics. Even if it were not so, America is a vast country with a population whose interests are not those of the professional politician. A nation does not fight its best customer, nor, when it enjoys a material prosperity, subject, indeed, to severe temporary fluctuations, but as a whole unexampled in history, does it voluntarily build up an army and navy adequate for purposes of attack. The American navy, after a period almost of extinction, is rapidly growing again; but it is never likely to be adequate for a great foreign war on a modern scale. Were the masses threatened as English "Society" and its organs seemed to threaten them during the War of Secession, they would respond fast enough to a call to arms. But international intercourse is making that kind of blunder impossible. And it may be noted that during the late elections the only prominent man who stood definitely as a Jingo—Mr. Campbell, a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio—suffered an overwhelming defeat.

Who, then, are the Jingoes? The New York *Nation*, which has just called attention to the circumstances of Mr. Campbell's rejection, enumerates in reply—first, the school children; secondly, the services—particularly the navy; thirdly, the ministers of religion, or some of them—who are invited during great crises to "offer a few remarks" through the Press or otherwise, but whose remarks share the usual fate of pulpit utterances; and fourthly, a limited number of ultra-Protectionists looking out for new markets wherein to dispose of their surplus goods. And finally, we might add to these the politicians in search of a cry; possibly a few, but very few, silver fanatics—there is no saying what a "currency crank" will not do; and a still more limited number of speculators anxious to exploit, at whatever cost to their country, the resources of South America. It is easy to see that, separately or together, these classes are inappreciable in the great mass of American citizens. The naval officers who wish for a war to see how their ships would behave are hardly likely to inspire the nation with a similar scientific enthusiasm. "New markets" is a good cry, but it will take a great deal of over-production and a very peculiar conjunction of circumstances to make it lead to action. The isolated groups of capitalists—of whom we shall hear something in the Venezuelan matter, as we did in the Chilian and Brazilian civil wars—count for practically nothing in a nation which has abundant employment for its own capital at home. The rest of the Jingo elements are obviously negligible quantities. The two facts which make it possible to abuse England are that there is an Irish vote, and that England has been so often abused before—sometimes with good reason—that any fresh abuse appeals to the public mind much as a variation on a familiar joke will make a public meeting roar with laughter. But the American people knows its own interests and understands precisely what the bluster means. A President may use it for campaign purposes; but it is kept from resulting in action by the bonds of mutual intercourse and the more stringent bonds of economic need. "Twisting the lion's tail" meanwhile is a recognised pastime in American politics; and the chief thing that gives it piquancy is that the Lion—or, rather, the Jingo Press which undertakes to "voice" him—is so ready to respond with a roar.

A GLEAM OF HOPE FOR THE FARMER.

THE farmers who come to London in Cattle Show week bring minds as foggy as the air with which the Metropolis supplies them. When a Conservative Government is in power their wails are less distressing or their spokesmen less insistent, for the influence of their political leaders is exerted to secure moderation. There has been less talk this year about Protection pure and simple than there has been on some recent occasions. But the farmer, to do him justice, is a bad dissembler, and he has put his demands for Protection in a sufficiently ingenuous form. He asks that all animals, whatever their origin, should be slaughtered at the port of entry, under the plea that it is too great a responsibility for any mere Minister—even for Mr. Walter Long—to have to declare which countries are subject to disease. The Board of Agriculture, under successive Administrations, has already declared almost the whole world suspect of pleuro-pneumonia, and therefore the absolute legislative prohibition would not have any great immediate effect. But it would stereotype an exclusion which is of very doubtful advantage even to the farmers themselves. The provision for slaughter at the port of entry does not very materially affect the foreign raiser of cattle fit for beef, for, though the animals slaughtered might be the better for a few weeks' grazing after their voyage, their beef fetches prices not far below those of English beef. But it deprives the British grazier and fattener of cheap raw material—that essential for success in commercial competition which is open to every other British producer. Though the farmer who raises store cattle is protected, it is at the expense of the farmer who does or could fatten cattle. Cannot the dullest agriculturist see that if

Peter and Paul are both farmers, it is of no great advantage to the agricultural interest to rob Peter to pay Paul? And it is especially strange to find the party which prates most of England's imperial greatness clamouring for the perpetuation of a restriction which bears so hardly on the Canadian Dominion.

The deputation to Lord Salisbury and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was even less reasonable than that which waited on Mr. Walter Long. The proposal to tax beer made of foreign materials more heavily than beer made of home-grown barley and hops can hardly be discussed seriously. We confess that it is most interesting to us as an illustration of those internal differences which exist even in the best-regulated parties. The farmer, the brewer, and the parson are the three pillars of Torydom. Hitherto, it must be admitted, the brewer has gained the largest return for his services. Is he to be eaten up by the leaner brethren? The parson demands money for his schools, of which the brewer is to pay at least his share. The farmer seeks to dislocate the brewing industry unless the brewer will be content with home-grown barley. The conflict of interests was evidently embarrassing to Lord Salisbury, for he fled away from the subject into a genial reply to Sir Frank Lockwood. The late Solicitor-General was a terrible caricaturist; he had interpreted Lord Salisbury's speech at Hastings as leaning towards Protection, whereas it only leant towards Reciprocity. It would be childish to argue with an economist of Lord Salisbury's stamp; but the farmer may well ask what Reciprocity has to do with British barley. Would the farmer who cannot retain the free market at his own doors be likely to gain much even if the markets of the Continent were thrown open, without any customs barriers, to his competition?

It is pleasant to turn from these futilities to a scheme which really does afford some prospect of alleviation to the farmer. The depression in agriculture is due mainly to the fact that the cost of carriage and distribution of foreign produce has immensely decreased, while the cost of carrying and distributing home produce has remained stationary. To some extent this contrast was inevitable. Ships' engines have improved as railway engines have not, and the cost of sea-carriage has fallen to vanishing-point. The English railway companies, again, are loaded with absurd payments of compensation to landowners, from which railways in competing countries have suffered less. But this is only part of the story. Our railways could have done more than they have done, and they might have been better seconded by organisation in collecting and distributing the produce. Hitherto the railway directors and farmers have been busy grumbling at one another as if they were natural enemies. The Act of 1888 led, after an expensive inquiry, to a new schedule of maximum rates which was scarcely an improvement on the old; and even those who are bitterest against railway monopoly must admit that the companies were able to prove that they could not carry agricultural produce, as it is now consigned over their lines, at any cheaper rate without doing an injustice to their other customers. The packages sent are irregular in shape, size, and quantity. They are as different as one can possibly conceive from the neat little baskets of grapes and flowers of which the South Western Company brings so many from Guernsey. They involve an amount of individual labour and trouble which the rates scarcely repay.

Lord Winchilsea, recognising the justice of the Companies' plea, has successfully arranged with the Great Eastern Company an experiment which may have the most beneficial results. The Company has commenced an agricultural parcels post, by which the farmer will be able to deal directly both with the consumer and, what is even more important, with the small shopkeeper. From any one of one hundred stations, parcels under 60 lbs. weight can be despatched at a rate of a penny for five pounds, beginning with a charge of fourpence, including free delivery in London or suburbs. To avoid the trouble of "returned empties," boxes suitable for one journey only will be sold at the Company's stations at a cheap rate. A box big enough to hold a leg of mutton can be had for threepence, or a box big enough to hold a pair of chickens for three halfpence. The cost of packing and carrying should not, therefore, average as much as a halfpenny a pound, and if the middleman is not a much less grasping being than we are wont to hear, this ought to mean a considerable gain either to farmer or consumer. The experiment, supplemented as it is to be by the work of Lord Winchilsea's Company at either end, will be watched with the greatest interest. There is no reason on the face of things why it should not be profitable to all parties. The Railway Company wisely make no pretence of philanthropy. While in one sense they may be said to have a monopoly, especially of the passenger traffic, through the greater part of the area which they serve, in another sense no English railway now has a monopoly. They are competing against the steamship lines which carry similar articles from all parts of the world to the same market. If they are beaten in the competition, they lose not merely the direct gain from the carriage of agricultural produce, but the carriage of goods to supply the needs of a flourishing agricultural population. Thus it is to their interest to go out of their way to attract such traffic. The time has long gone by when the Companies could regard themselves as mere toll-keepers on a highway. They are collectors and distributers as well as carriers of a vast variety of articles, and there is no reason why they should not go even further than the Great Eastern has gone to meet the needs of the farmer. The rate which the Great Eastern is to charge for parcels, while relatively low, is not so low as to be unremunerative, if the goods are sent packed in the regulation boxes and are therefore uniform in shape and size and easy to deal with. Indeed, the rate per pound per mile is still heavy enough compared with American rates in States where the Populists have been at work. It remains to be seen whether the farmers have sufficient intelligence to take advantage of their opportunity. Nothing but their own stupidity and a charge of a halfpenny a pound now stands between them and the best market in the world for all the products of the smaller culture. Will they be flexible enough to condescend to grow what the consumers want to buy?

FINANCE.

THE stock markets have been depressed all through the week, and became quite flat on Thursday when the settlement in the mining market began. The public is puzzled by the Turkish-Armenian situation. Further, the losses upon the Continent, and more particularly in Paris and Vienna, have been very heavy. Most of the members of the Coulisse are more or less embarrassed, and as the mid-monthly settlement approached they found it necessary to sell. As soon, however, as selling began in London on Continental account, the dealers here became disinclined to sell. Continental selling began the recent break, and if it were to be resumed on a

considerable scale now it might cause another "slump." Over and above all this, the outlook in the United States is far from satisfactory. Gold is being shipped at a rapid rate, yet Congress is obviously unwilling to pass the necessary legislation. The President hesitates to borrow under the existing law, and he hopes that Congress will be compelled by public opinion to give him authority to borrow for short terms and at moderate rates. While, however, he is hesitating, gold is flowing away from the Treasury, and naturally apprehension is increasing. There has in consequence of all this been a steady fall in American railroad securities, and that in its turn has increased the depression in other departments. It is not merely, however, the currency disorder; the proposed reorganisation of insolvent railway companies is likewise weighing upon the market. For instance, the plan for reorganising the Philadelphia and Reading Company will be published next week, and, we understand, will call upon the holders of the income bonds and the shares to pay an assessment of 20 per cent. on the nominal value of those securities. In other words, the holder of a share which can be bought now in the market for about 4 dollars, will be called upon to pay 10 dollars. Naturally, so heavy an assessment is disquieting holders of shares and income bonds in all insolvent and embarrassed companies. Lastly, the approach of the holiday season is checking business. Christmas week will practically be without business; and there is not likely to be any revival until the New Year. Trade continues to improve. At the series of wool auctions in London that have closed this week prices have been quite up to the September level—the highest for more than twelve months—and the last sales were, perhaps, at the best prices of any. The manufacturing industry is likewise very prosperous not only here at home, but on the Continent and in the United States; and in other directions there is increasing activity.

Meanwhile, the value of money is steadily falling. This always happens after a breakdown of speculation. The very desire that people have in a period of discredit to strengthen themselves, leads to the accumulation of very large balances everywhere; and as nobody wants to engage in new enterprises, the accumulation of money causes a fall in the rates of interest and discount. The tendency always observable after a breakdown has been accentuated just now by the immense output of gold—especially in South Africa—and by the shipments of gold from the United States. Never before in its history has the Bank of England held so much gold. Bankers complain that they cannot employ at *any* rate a considerable proportion of their surplus balances; and in many cases bankers refuse to take new deposits even at the quoted rates. All this after a while will necessarily stimulate business, unless, of course, political apprehension grows acute. In January immense sums will be paid here in interest, dividends, and profits, and these sums will go to swell the already very large balances, and so will make it more necessary than ever to find some employment for the funds that are lying idle. The Japanese Government has not yet paid out any considerable portion of the large sums standing to its credit at the Bank of England. If it should at an early date pay out much, that would increase the enormous supply in the open market, and so would drive rates even lower than is anticipated. Meantime, it is known that the Japanese Government has ordered a considerable number of ships on the Clyde, and it is expected that whenever the shipbuilding dispute is settled further orders will be placed. The silver market is quiet; but the India Council continues to sell its drafts very successfully. On Wednesday it disposed of the whole amount offered at 1s. 1⅛d. per rupee, and according to all appearance it will sell still more favourably after Christmas. The rates of discount of the Bank of Bengal and of the Bank of Bombay are both 5 per cent. now and the tendency is towards still higher rates.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—There are some signs in the newspapers this morning that the country is beginning to wake up on the question of the crimes of the homicidal maniac of the Yildiz Kiosk. Even the worthy gentlemen whose business it is to sing the praises of his Majesty in the pages of the *Globe* and the *St. James's Gazette* can hardly pretend that they know more about him than the luckless Said Pasha, his ex-Minister, who trusts him so much that he has sought refuge from his marks of affection in the British Embassy at Pera. Incidents of this sort have occasionally happened in the history of savage countries like Morocco, or of half-civilised South American Republics; but this is the first time for many years that an Ambassador to one of the great European Powers has been called upon to shield a leading statesman from the tender mercies of his master. I see that Aarifi Pasha died yesterday. He was a member of the present Turkish Ministry, and it would therefore be of interest to the world at large to learn the cause of his death. The simple truth is that Abdul Hamid is just now ~~just~~ as much of a reasonable being as a mad dog is. Whilst he is ordering the extermination of the Armenians, he is at the same time slaughtering those who stand nearest to him in his own palace. Mad with terror, he would willingly sacrifice the whole human race rather than suffer in his own person. This is the creature—this rabid, worthless savage, whose every step is marked by bloodshed—of whose "dignity," and self-respect, and independence we are bidden to be careful, and whom we are implored (by his hireling scribes) on no account to offend. This is the miscreant whom we are to treat as an ally and an independent sovereign! It does not do to set down in print the feeling regarding him which is entertained by every decent man and woman in England; but it is a pity that an inkling of the truth cannot be conveyed to him.

Mr. Morley was to leave this morning for the South of Europe, and I understand that he will not return for some weeks. Mr. Gladstone, as has been announced, goes to Biarritz a couple of days after Christmas. Lord Rosebery is still in Spain; but it is probable that he will return to England at an early date. Things have reached such a crisis in connection with Turkish affairs that the Liberal party wishes to have its leader within reach—more particularly as he is not merely its leader, but its chief representative so far as foreign policy is concerned. I wonder how long it will be before the veil is lifted from the secret history of the last Liberal Cabinet so far as foreign affairs are concerned. Whenever this takes place, there will be some startling surprises for the country.

Sunday.—Reading my *Spectator* yesterday during a railway journey, I lighted upon the following passage in an article on Lord Salisbury's Turkish policy:—"No one of repute, unless we may count the *Spectator* among the number, objects to postpone sentence upon Turkey if her owner can be bound over for a time to good behaviour." Here I confess I rubbed my eyes, which had been inclined to droop a moment before. I know that humility is a distinguishing badge of the excellent men who administer a weekly dose of Liberal Unionism to so many confiding readers. But to hint in their own paper that they themselves were not persons of repute—that was a depth so Pecksniffian in its profundity that I could not believe that even the editors of the *Spectator* could have descended to it. Moreover, that they should not understand their own minds on a political subject which they were

discussing in voluminous language was, to say the least, passing strange. The matter will possibly be explained next week. In the meantime I must reject a suggestion which has reached me that the word "*Spectator*" in this remarkable passage is a misprint for "SPEAKER." I do so because, if this explanation were correct, the editors of the *Spectator* would have been guilty of an unmannerly sneer at the expense of persons against whose repute, whether public or private, they can allege nothing, and also because, if the statement were meant to apply to THE SPEAKER, it would be distinctly untrue. This journal has been fighting the battle of the Armenians steadily for two years past—that is to say, for at least twelve months longer than most of its contemporaries, the *Spectator* included. From first to last it has pleaded only for protection for the victims of Turkish tyranny; and though of late its Constantinople correspondent has pointed out with reluctance how little there is to be hoped from the present Sultan, there has been nowhere a word to indicate that the editor of THE SPEAKER would not be completely satisfied if that person could be bound over to good behaviour. That is undoubtedly a large "if," but it is one that may stand. I shall be interested in ascertaining what the *Spectator* really meant to say.

Monday.—The death of George Augustus Sala snaps a link with a day that is past. His very name reminds one of the Regency, and of that "merry Dr. Brighton" within whose arms he came to a sad end yesterday. One has associated Brighton with George Sala for so many years that it was painful as one walked along the sea-front yesterday to reflect that the life-long connection was at last at an end, and that Brighton had lost the sole survivor of the band of literary men who were wont to sing its praises in the mid-Victorian epoch. Nearly thirty years have passed away since I first made Mr. Sala's acquaintance, and during all that time I have had reason constantly to admire his energy, his wonderful capacity, and his unfailing cheerfulness. Wherever he went he seemed to carry with him a breezy atmosphere of buoyant good spirits. He had long since retired from the rough-and-ready Bohemia in which his early life was spent. He sat on the committees of first-class clubs, dined with dukes, and even shook hands with princes. But to the last there was something of the gaiety and recklessness of the true Bohemian about him. It was in his blood, and he could not get rid of it. "To the last," did I say? Alas! no. On New Year's Day this year I was shocked to read a private note of his written from Rome, wishing a happy New Year to the man he was addressing, and adding that for himself he only hoped that it might be the last New Year he would ever see. Such a declaration meant much from such a man, and in his case it meant more than the world knows. I see that he is spoken of as a prince of journalists; and this he undoubtedly was, albeit he was a prince of the old school. But he might have been something else, and something better, if he had not been entangled in the web of the daily press. As it is, he has produced at least one unique book—the remarkable volume on cookery, to which he devoted half a lifetime, and which, strangely enough, has only appeared at the time of his death.

The case of Said Pasha is still the topic of general conversation. Will Said yield to the blandishments of the Sultan, and quit his harbour of refuge at Pera, or will he not? Those who know the Turkish character best say that he will certainly yield, and that in doing so he will doom himself to death. It is to be regretted for his sake that he did not take refuge in the Embassy at Therapia, for in that case it might have been comparatively easy to smuggle him on board an English ship. At Pera the case is different, and there seems very little doubt that if Said is ever to leave his present sanctuary in safety he will have to wait until a new Sultan reigns at Stamboul.

Tuesday.—After all, Said has proved a true Turk, and has yielded to the cajoleries of his master. He will have to pay the penalty, though it depends upon circumstances whether he does so sooner or later. Meanwhile he has done good service by opening the eyes even of Germans to the miserable selfishness of the policy which they, and it is to be feared Russia also, are pursuing with regard to Turkey. Perhaps by-and-by even English Tories will awake to a knowledge of the humiliation which the abortive policy of Lord Salisbury has brought upon this country.

The repulse of the Italian vanguard in Abyssinia is a serious matter. One can only hope that no further disaster of the same kind may happen. The Italian Government and people will be grateful for any words of sympathy that England may address to them in present circumstances. I speak of what I know when I say that there never was a time when one country was more anxious to be on friendly terms with another than Italy is just now to be on friendly terms with England. The anxiety of Italian statesmen to have the sympathy and moral support of Great Britain is almost pathetic, and upon the material help of Italy in any developments in the East this country may rely absolutely. In these circumstances it might be well that we should show our sympathy with the Italians in the disaster that has now befallen them.

I hear on the best authority of an incident that ought to give the Irish M.P.'s who are so ostentatiously proclaiming their resolve to stand with the Tory and clerical party on the question of education, food for reflection. A distinguished Radical, who in the late Parliament was one of the most pronounced and ardent of Home Rulers, and who may be said to represent the extreme wing of English Liberalism, has just thrown up an important honorary post which he held in the English Home Rule Union, owing to his disgust at the action of the Irish members in deserting their allies and going over bodily to the enemy not on an Irish but on an English question. I do not pause to ask whether my friend is or is not justified in the action he has thus taken. But it is an undoubted fact that there is extreme anger on the part of many of the most earnest Nonconformists at the policy which the Irish M.P.'s have adopted. Of course, the Irish members have a right to take their own line; but, equally as a matter of course, the same right belongs to Englishmen, and Mr. McCarthy and his friends will do well to realise the fact that if they alienate the Radicals and Nonconformists in England by attacking them on a purely English question, they may find it very difficult to heal the breach for the creation of which they alone must be held responsible.

Wednesday.—So the Sultan has yielded, and another gunboat is to be placed at the disposal of each of the Ambassadors at Constantinople. It is a glorious victory, truly! For more than three weeks all Europe has been upon its knees at the gates of the Yildiz Kiosk, and has submitted with meekness to rebuff after rebuff from the miserable creature who owes the safety of his throne to England. But he has yielded at last, so let us light the bonfires and ring the bells! A noble victory, indeed! In the meantime, what about the Armenians? My letters to-day from the East make it clear that, whilst the Ambassadors have been concentrating their whole strength upon the question of the gunboats, Abdul Hamid has been causing the murder of hundreds, if not thousands, of unoffending Christians daily. How he must have chuckled when he saw the way in which the Powers ran after the red herring he had trailed under their noses and left his horde of assassins free to carry on their devilish work wherever they listed! Lord Salisbury, thanks to the condescension of the Russian Ambassador, has secured some additional protection for Sir Philip Currie and the staff of the Embassy—protection which they did not need. But again I ask, what about the Armenians? For them we have done

nothing and less than nothing. The religious war which the Sultan has begun against his unarmed Christian subjects is being carried on more ferociously than ever; and the English Foreign Office apparently remains supine, absorbed in worship of its fetich the Concert of Europe. One would like to know what Cromwell would have said in the present crisis. There is no need to ask what he would have done. The most powerful fleet that ever churned the waters of the Mediterranean would hardly have been left in inglorious idleness, whilst men and women and tender children were being slaughtered in thousands because they refused to adopt the creed of Islâm—and slaughtered by a man who owes his power to English patronage. I am bound to say that in this matter the newspapers which flatter Lord Salisbury, or which at least seek to defend him, do not represent the opinion of the people of England. Whatever the official classes and official newspapers may say, the tide of public indignation is rising daily against the men who have done so little to avert this great crime and unspeakable humiliation.

The remarkable article in the *Birmingham Post* on the Education Question is evidently intended to make Mr. Chamberlain's position known, not so much to the country as to his colleagues. Incidentally the article confirms the statement made in these pages two weeks ago as to the attitude of the Duke of Devonshire towards the exorbitant demands of the Clerical party. Mr. Chamberlain, it is clear, has thrown in his lot with the Duke, and on this question at least he remains true to his old professions. Meanwhile, it becomes increasingly evident that in the Education Question we have a sword which threatens to cleave both political parties in twain. There could hardly be a wider difference between any men than that which exists, for example, between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Cabinet will have a fine time when it comes to discuss the question of the schools. Nor are we on our side much better off. I have referred already this week to the action of some English Nonconformists who are offended by the conduct of the Irish Members. This morning I have a letter from a worthy dignitary of the Catholic Church in Ireland, declaring that he will no longer read THE SPEAKER, because it is opposed to the Catholic claims with regard to the schools. And so the work of disintegration goes on, and the future of parties in this country is being shaped by forces over which no single man can pretend to exercise control.

Thursday.—It was hardly a day of triumph for her Majesty's Ministers yesterday—unless, indeed, it was a triumph to have eaten one's pledges in an unprecedentedly brief space of time. All along the line Ministers were engaged in repudiating the promises on the strength of which they gained the votes of the electors last July. The most notable and scandalous case was, of course, that of Lord George Hamilton, who, having assailed Mr. Fowler last February and carried Lancashire on the strength of his unyielding opposition to the Cotton Duties, now meekly takes up his predecessor's attitude and defends the very Duties he had doomed to death. I do not pretend to feel sorry for Lancashire. The policy of unadulterated selfishness which it pursued last summer has brought its own punishment in its train. But how foolish the Lancashire voters must be when they think of the way in which they have been tricked!

Friday.—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech will be welcomed by everybody. The ex-Secretary for War has been silent too long; and as his silence was due to the state of his health, the fact that he has now spoken is all the more gratifying. One is glad to see the line he takes on the Turkish question. It is a strong line in more respects than one. It is specially strong in bringing home to Lord Salisbury his personal responsibility for the present state of hings in the East. He was the accomplice of Lord Beaconsfield in performing the farce called "Peace with Honour," which has led up to the present tragedy. I see Sir Henry speaks of Lord Salisbury following the "prudent" policy of his predecessors. Prudence is well enough in its way; but there are many of us who think that we have had rather more than enough of this particular virtue. A little unmixed valour, free from its "better part," would be a welcome relief to everybody.

It is significant that the Italian gunboat should have accompanied the English warship through the Dardanelles yesterday. Just a month ago I was told, by the highest authority on the subject in Italy, that the orders given to the Italian fleet in the East were to act with England on every possible occasion. We have one true ally and friend in Europe at least.

MR. SALA.

THERE is no need to describe the works or to dwell upon the literary career of Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose death last Sunday has caused such widespread regret. The literary critics who, thirty years ago, made merry at the expense of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* said all that could be said in hostile criticism of the style in which these gentlemen, among whom Mr. Sala was *facile princeps*, wrote, and said it much better than their successors in the hypercritical journals of the present hour. But Sala, as a man, was a singular and notable figure, and one that was undoubtedly well worth studying. He was almost the last survivor of a great epoch in English literature—the epoch which was once adorned by Captain Shandon, and which had close affinities with Grub Street of dubious fame. No one could meet him, even in his latest days, without feeling that he was in touch with a former generation. Sala owed his first real start in literature to Charles Dickens, and in some respects he may be said to have been even more ancient in style and type than Dickens himself. From first to last he was essentially a Bohemian. There are many who can remember the days when the Bohemia in which he dwelt was an exceedingly shabby one, and when a chop at a tavern and a certain number of "goes" of gin and hot water were the recognised form of refreshment which the Bohemian enjoyed. In his later life Sala was the friend not merely of the most eminent men of letters, but of distinguished politicians, persons of high fashion, and princes of the blood. He belonged to good clubs, and played a prominent part in them. When he went abroad, Her Majesty's Ambassadors opened their doors to admit him; and no one can have seen him kissing the ring on the hand of a Cardinal without feeling that he was completely at home in Courts. But even in those later and more prosperous times he was still essentially the Bohemian, and had all those longings for the life of a vagabond which the true Bohemian never loses. He had many enemies; for he was a man of somewhat quick and irascible temper, who was capable of speaking his mind plainly upon small provocation. But happily he had also many friends, and no man could be his friend for a number of years without rejoicing in the fact. At heart he was always the merry boon companion, who could be as boisterously mirthful over a cup of chocolate as the forerunners of his kind were over unlimited glasses of punch. He had lost an eye very early in life; but the one eye that remained to him was more full of humour, and could twinkle more brightly at a passing jest, than the two eyes of any ordinary or even extraordinary man. Good spirits never seemed to fail him; and into whatsoever company he entered, he brought with him an atmosphere of genial lightheartedness that it was delightful to breathe. Intimate friendships in the rare sense of the word he never seemed to make. No man could boast of being his confidant; but friends of the ordinary sort, though they might never find themselves admitted to the innermost chamber of his confidence,

had abundant reason to be satisfied with what they got. His gifts in conversation were remarkable, if sometimes rather overpowering. A memory that seemed to be inexhaustible accompanied a loquacity that never tired, and he would pour forth anecdote after anecdote concerning all manner of men and things by the hour at a stretch. His love of knowledge was very real, and almost to his latest day he continued to be an omnivorous reader, pursuing facts in the most curious and intricate by-ways of literature. The most familiar picture of Sala that the present writer recalls represents him sitting in a chair at his Club, with the newest number of *Notes and Queries* held close to his solitary eye, as he devoured its contents and made mental note of anything strange or out of the way that he might encounter.

But reading was only a part of the education of this very remarkable man. He had learned more from what he had seen—defective and limited as his vision was in more respects than one—than from what he had read. That which distinguished him from the great Bohemian men of letters of the past was the fact that he had not been content to dwell in Grub Street, nor even in Pall Mall. His restless spirit and his zeal in the interests of the great journal to which he was attached carried him far afield, and he was never so happy as when entering upon new scenes and meeting new faces. There was not a capital in Europe with which he had not something more than a speaking acquaintance; there was not a quarter of the world which he had not visited; there was hardly a man of eminence whom he did not know personally. He had mixed in affairs too, and could talk politics quite as fluently as he could talk of letters or of society. He had seen war in some of its most grisly forms, and he had been an eye-witness of all the most splendid Court pageants and public ceremonials of the last thirty years. In later days he turned to Rome with an unfailing affection, and thought a year lost two months of which had not been spent under the shadow of St. Peter's. His gift in languages was quite unusual, and naturally facilitated his intercourse with the men of many races. As a public speaker he had few superiors, and he could be as fluent after dinner in French or Italian as in English. Driven by stress of circumstances into the calling of journalism, he gloried in his craft, and had a high sense of its dignity and importance. His fellow-journalists may have smiled at some of his eccentricities, and may have affected to sneer at his redundant flow of superfluous words and irrelevant anecdote; but at heart they were all proud of him; and, probably, if the newspaper men of the United Kingdom had been polled, they would have returned George Augustus Sala by an overwhelming vote as the most distinguished member of their profession.

Indeed, his gifts as a journalist were altogether exceptional. Some of those who have written of him since his death have revived the old sneers at his style. But at least it must be said of him that he had the power of writing something that was readable about any subject that he was called upon to treat. If we remember aright, it was at the funeral of Lord Palmerston that he heard a fellow-journalist complaining that there was nothing to write about in describing the ceremony. "Nothing to write about!" retorted Sala in his strident voice; "nothing to write about in Westminster Abbey, at the funeral of the greatest statesman in England! Why, if you gave me a blade of grass I could write six columns of the *Daily Telegraph* about it." This was the man all over. Give him the smallest text and he could preach the longest sermon, and the sermon, as we have said, however irrelevant, however far it might wander from the point, was always readable and amusing. Of course, it was only among the uneducated that his stores of knowledge passed as real learning; but, after all, the uneducated form a very considerable majority of the human race, and it is not a small thing to have been permitted not merely to amuse, but to teach that majority. For our own part, we can recall with something like enthusiasm the thrill of pleasure that he afforded thousands of young hearts in the far-off days when he wrote "Twice Round the Clock" in the old *Welcome Guest*, and conveyed to his readers something of the charm and the melancholy and the mystery and the greatness of our mighty London, seizing the picturesque even in an auction room, and finding something to stir the soul even in the paving-stones of Covent Garden. In later years he devoted himself with increasing zeal to a subject that always had its attractions for him, and wrote of food and of cookery with all the zest and more than the power of a Brillat-Savarin. It is one of life's little ironies that his last—and by no means his worst—book, that, indeed, by which he will probably be most generally remembered, is the volume on cookery just published by Messrs. Cassell. He had in him the makings of a great writer. There was a time—but it is long, long ago—when men as capable as Thackeray and Dickens believed that he was destined to add something to the glory of our English literature. That he disappointed these hopes is but too true; but he did a splendid day's work in the humbler field in which he chose to labour, and he has left behind him many bright and grateful memories in innumerable hearts.

THE ART OF DINING.

ARE we too robustious in our eating? Tradition has founded our Imperial might on beef and beer. The notorious wassail of our ancestors, the habit of roasting oxen whole on occasions of public festivity, the long line of respectable trenchermen in our legends, the identity of Christmas with tables groaning under good cheer—a thousand and one associations of this kind attest the pomp and circumstance of the British appetite. If someone were to make a chronicle of eating and drinking out of our historic records and our picturesque folk-lore, he would produce a voluminous show in every well-stocked library. The Scandinavian hero who drank mead out of the magic horn, and found that his prodigious power of draught was of no avail against the sea, would be typical of the chroniclers who should endeavour to set down what our progenitors consumed in food and liquor. There was generally a venison pasty which was never completely eaten, for a gigantic fragment of it was always set before the unexpected guest. He fell to with a noble zeal, and with such teeth as are not seen nowadays, alas! and yet there was something left for later comers. Either that pasty had a perennial freshness, or the masticators of old were as the tusks of the wild boar. You do not read of dentists in the old chronicles; the only dentistry conspicuously recorded was practised by monarchs who used this device to draw shekels from obstinate Jews. Who ever heard of toothache or dyspepsia in those happy times? "I can cut a caper," says Sir Andrew; "And I can cut the mutton to't," says Sir Toby; and no doubt Sir Toby's exercise was widely favoured in his day. When the ox was roasted whole, were the partakers content with delicate slices, or did they not rather gorge themselves with enormous chunks, slashed off by the carver with a vigour which did more justice than art could have done to the juicy theme? Shylock complains that Lancelot Gobbo is a huge feeder, but that is no slur on Lancelot's reputation. A miserly Jew might stint and starve himself; but the rollicking Christian took his food like a man, and cleared the platter with the zest of the true religion.

Our own generation seems to have fallen on more delicate scruples. There is a crusade against liquor, and some people anticipate the geniality of Christmas by pondering the statistics of

drunkenness. The vegetarian will have it that butchers meat is responsible for the coarsest inhumanity, and that a callous delight in the blood of slaughtered animals is the stimulus of juvenile crime. Scientific reformers are making war on gluttony, and even on the good square meal. The author of a medical treatise, called "The Simpler Life," tells us that he puts his patients on the most attenuated diet. When you are ill, it is a fallacy to suppose that your strength must be kept up by food. The digestive organs must have rest: let them be idle; proclaim a lock-out of labour on the alimentary canal. Patients who have tried the Simpler Life have died, but from causes quite unconnected with that system. They have been pulled through typhus, and then they have gone and caught malaria a year or so later—a purely irrelevant detail. In an age which is nervous rather than muscular, eating ought to be discouraged. We must reverse the practice of Friar Tuck, who began his meals in the presence of a stranger with an exemplary display of dried peas and water, but speedily brought out the inevitable pasty and a portly flagon. We who cannot aid digestion with a bout at quarterstaff, we dwellers in cities who tread our native pavements with reluctance, and find a multitude of pretexts for dropping into an easy-chair at the club—we must train our palates to the dried peas. The hungry eye must turn from the seductive *menu* which begins with oysters and ends a long pilgrimage of delights with a piquant savoury of lobster. What said Sala himself, albeit the author of that fascinating manual of the *cuisine*, the "Thorough Good Cook"? Though an expert in cookery from his childhood upwards, he had latterly become "almost a vegetarian," and at no time was so happy at table as in the company of sober dishes like Irish-stew and boiled fowl.

Then comes Mrs. Ernest Hart with a new appeal. Why are our domestic manners so lamentable to the engaging foreigner? Why do we bully our wives, terrify the children, drive the servants to the nearest magistrate with complaints of our torrid vocabulary? It is because "excessive meat-eating" makes ill-temper "a chronic moral complaint among us." Look at countries "where meat does not form such an integral article of diet." How urbane is a French household! In what delightful unity do Japanese brethren dwell together! Even the street urchins in Japan conduct their games with exquisite politeness. There is no equivalent in Japanese for "You're another!" Some of Mrs. Hart's readers may reflect that meat plays a considerable part in the dietary of a comfortable Parisian family. The *bifteck* is not cooked exclusively for the ill-natured Briton. A French cookery-book is not exactly distinguished for reticence on the wares of the butcher. They are served in an endless variety of dainty *plats* which give the hearty French appetite considerable provocation. Mr. Sala has many hard words for the average English cook; and is it not possible that Mrs. Hart has omitted the habits of many insular kitchens in her diagnosis of our "chronic moral complaint"? But even that is not the last word of wisdom; for where is there a more cheerful people than the Americans? They consume a great deal of beef which is often half raw; they start the day with iced water followed by coffee and hot cakes; their children are stuffed with candy; their women are frequently dyspeptic and anæmic to an appalling degree. Yet there is no cheerier household than the American to be found in the world. If good humour can be cultivated only on a spare and strictly sane diet, how do the Americans contrive to make it flourish so abundantly on slabs of ice-cream? And if national characteristics have this culinary basis, to what dietary does Mrs. Hart ascribe the irritable jealousy of French politicians, the exceeding tenuity of the American skin, the indifference of the Briton to foreign opinion? When the federation of the world becomes a practical question, will one of its principal articles determine a universal bill of fare, warranted to breed no bad blood?

There is indiscretion, no doubt, amongst people of sedentary habits, as much in the manner of eating as in the quantity they eat. The frugal meal taken hurriedly is more harmful than the leisurely banquet in congenial company. Talk is a great digestive, and the advantage of the French and Americans over us in this respect is that they are loquacious at the right time. We are apt to keep our loquacity for platforms and the dreary business of Parliamentary debate, while dinner is often a sort of funeral rite of taciturnity. How many lives have been shortened by the solemnity of dinner-parties! How many a club coffee-room seems to be inhabited by lay figures, using the cutlery by clockwork, while the waiters move about like the Analytical Chemist in Dickens, mutely imploring the company to shun the viands! The art of dining well is rare; it needs a combination of social qualities nothing short of genius. You find it sometimes in a host who gives you a dinner, the material excellence of which is such that you cannot remember what you had—you only know that a sense of well-being is diffused through body and soul, not merely by the actual repast, but by the consummate geniality in the giver of the feast. That is a man who deserves well of the State. Honours and rewards ought to be showered upon him. He is the ideal host, to whose magic wand your digestive apparatus responds with subdued felicity. To dine at least once a month with him might well be classed amongst the duties of the higher citizenship—duties discharged by the chosen without fee, but with a constant tribute to one who has at his beck and call the twin spirits of good sense and good fellowship.

GRAY'S INN AND *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*.

IT is a very old tradition which connects the drama with the Bar. The two most famous halls of the Inns of Court in London are the only buildings still existing where Shakespeare's plays were performed in their author's day, and, it may be, under their author's eyes. The masques and revels of law students fill a large place among the entertainments of bygone generations, and all through the sixteenth century the lawyers of Gray's Inn were conspicuous for their festivals and plays. The "glorious Queen," whose health is drunk even now on Grand Day at Gray's Inn, and whose chair adorns the Society's pension chamber, complimented the members of that ancient Inn on their success in finding sports to entertain her. Wolsey complained of their festivities, finding himself caricatured upon their stage. Foxe turned aside from telling of the martyrs to record the lawyers' pranks. A tragedy of Euripides and a prose comedy of Ariosto found their way, in the days of Elizabeth, in English versions, to the stage of Gray's Inn Hall. And there, on the same stage, at Christmas, 1594, before a crowded and disorderly audience largely composed of students from the Temple, was played for the first time the famous *Comedy of Errors*, which the Benchers with such spirit and success revived last week.

Gray's Inn, it must be admitted, has since those days somewhat fallen from its high estate. Then it stood beyond question at the head of the Inns of Court. It numbered nearly twice as many students as any other Inn. It contained a most distinguished roll of members, full of the great names of Elizabethan England. The arms of William Cecil, first Lord Burghley, and of Robert Cecil, first Lord Salisbury, are still to be seen in the bay-window of its Tudor Hall. Sir Nicholas Bacon, the successful lawyer and statesman, "the plain man, direct and constant, without all finesse and doubleness," as his more famous son described him, so different in his methods from the royal mistress who

rewarded his capacity and laughed at his appearance, was a Bencher of Gray's Inn. Francis Bacon was for years its treasurer, and kept up gallantly not only its hospitable name, but also the well-known Moots, the legal discussions with the formalities of a trial which did so much to train its students in debating power. Cromwell, the maker, as some say, of the Reformation; Northumberland, for a time its blundering instrument; and Laud and Juxon, who were accused by the Puritans of wishing to undo it, were among the illustrious *alumni* of the Inn. Monk, who restored King Charles II., and the great Duke of Ormond, who made Ireland almost contented under him, were members of the Society. So was David Jenkins, the Royalist Welsh judge who defied the House of Commons at their Bar, and made up his mind to die on the scaffold with a Bible under one arm and Magna Carta under the other, but who happily lived to see King Charles return. It was the smart young students of Gray's Inn, "more terse and neat than the new garden of the Old Temple is," with their good table and their silver cups—silver being the cheapest material, owing to the amazing breakage which occurred among crockery and glass—whom Sir John Davies twitted for their treble ruff and doublet French, and for their waste of time in dressing. It was of the Gray's Inn counsel partly that Harrison complained in the "Description of England" for their habit of taking fees without doing the work they were paid for, beyond "wagging a scroll" at the judge and saying three or four words. It was to Gray's Inn, two generations later, that Pepys used to go to have his hair cut, and to read Lord Coke on perjury during dinner at a cook-shop, where he learned a great deal "touching oaths." It was from Gray's Inn, so late as 1780, that Samuel Romilly wrote boasting of the country air. And now all these glories are departed, and slums beset the noble garden where Francis Bacon planted elms!

In the performance of last week, however, Gray's Inn gave proof that its dramatic art survives. The skill and finish of the performance, given as it was without stage or scenery or pause, the admirable reproduction of the dresses and equipment of Shakespeare's day, and the collaboration and pronunciation of the actors, made the entertainment a complete success. The resemblance between the Antipholuses and the Dromios was admirably managed. The women's parts were played by ladies, not by boys. Once granted the daring double absurdity on which the plot is founded, the farce—the only poetical farce in our language, and the only attempt which Shakespeare made to imitate the comic drama of ancient Rome—goes merrily enough. It has, no doubt, the rhymes, the puns, the shrews, the soliloquies directed to the audience to explain the business of the piece, by which Shakespeare's early plays are marked. It has less attempt at characterisation than any other that he wrote. Its humour rests on its absurdities entirely, though even here the farcical incidents—suggested, no doubt, by some earlier play—are connected by Shakespeare with a tragic background, which was probably his own invention. Did this light farce, one wonders, thrown in, as the chronicle explains, with the "dancing and revelling with gentlewomen," to amuse an audience too crowded and disorderly to listen to "anything of account," convince Shakespeare that, after all, comicalities like these were but an unsatisfactory diversion, and that his genius needed somedeeper, broader ground than farce? At any rate, merrily as that night at Gray's Inn ended, Shakespeare never returned to topics of the kind again. The *Comedy of Errors* remained unique among the dramas grave and gay that followed. That fact, and the rarity with which playgoers see it, give it a special charm apart, and add distinction to the delightful entertainment which the masters of the Gray's Inn revels offered to their guests in their fine old hall last week.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BALTIC.

III.—St. Petersburg.

THE age of miracles was hardly over when the genius of the great Peter made such splendid use of a fresh-conquered marshy swamp, less than two hundred years ago. Something in the general appearance of the city that he built may seem at first sight to recall the regularity of Berlin. But her situation beside the silvery Neva, her luxuriant growth of palaces, her churches with their mystic rites, her bright and variegated life, lend her a poetic charm peculiarly her own.

The most important street of St. Petersburg is the famous Nevsky Prospect (about four kilometres long and forty metres broad), scarcely inferior to the Champs Elysées and the Rue de Rivoli. In its splendid shops are the products of all zones to minister to the wants of the spoilt children of wealth. Officers in their grey cloaks and uniforms stride imposingly along, or linger in front of picture-shops in the midst of humble civilians. Not less striking than the strange letters of the Russian language written over the windows is the general fondness for the heads and skins of all kinds of animals. In the large open space between the western limit of the Nevsky Prospect and the river is a huge bronze statue of Peter the Great on horseback, erected by Catharine the Second. With its two hind legs the horse crushes a serpent—symbolical of Evil or Resistance. The two front legs are raised majestically aloft, as though the great monarch (whose head is crowned with laurels and right arm outstretched) were climbing a troublesome crag. The lamentable facts that Peter was far from amiable and Catharine far from chaste do not spoil the beauty of the monument. A garden of purple flowers leads to the great Cathedral Church of St. Isaac. From the summit of the cupola a glorious view of the city and its surroundings may be obtained. The interior is splendid and gorgeous, but lacks all delicate and subtle charm. Yet the structure is imposing from without, and the effect of sunshine on the moist granite pillars when the winter frosts are over is said to be peculiarly fascinating.

About one-third of the way down the great street from the western entrance is the Kasan Church, built by the unfortunate Tsar Paul, in imitation of St. Peter's in Rome. The image of the Virgin bears a rich crown of diamonds, and the sanctuary is of massive silver. On the walls hang sundry foreign flags and other war relics.

But no sacred building awakens more solemn thoughts than the garrison church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the Tsars of the last two centuries repose. The foundation-stone was laid by the great Peter himself, whose remains are covered by a simple marble sarcophagus. Close to him sleep his consort, Catharine the First; his niece, the Empress Anna; and his daughter, the Empress Elizabeth. There, too, is the great Catharine of Teutonic birth, the friend of French philosophers, who reigned in stirring times. On the other side of the church are many objects which the great barbarian carved with his own hands. Lower down, flowers freshly scattered by pious hands betoken the grave of the late peace-loving monarch. Not far off is the grave of his father, who liberated the serfs and died by a tragic doom. The deep-toned voices of deacons might stir any soul, however sluggish and commonplace, in the midst of such surroundings.

No more pleasant walk is to be found than along the southern bank of the Neva. The long rows of grand and imposing buildings, the green plots of grass so welcome to seafaring strangers, the foliage of the trees reflected in the limpid water, the bridges of stone and iron where picturesque costumes abound, seem to rival the charm of the Grand Canal in Venice. Almost opposite the great fortress, parted by a canal from the Champ de Mars, lie the fashionable summer gardens. There the beauty and chivalry of the capital, including

the monarch himself, may not infrequently be seen. At the entrance is a small chapel erected by Alexander the Second, and classic statues adorn the wide well-shaded alleys. The effect of September sunset amidst mist, as seen from this spot when the leaves are beginning to turn, might well please the heart of many impressionist painters. If the joys of summer are short, the ice on the Neva in the long winter months, when no ship can enter, is said to impart to the scene a more consummate charm. By the kindness of Michel de Kapustiné, Chief Inspector of Schools, it fell to my lot to visit a charitable home where orphan waifs and strays of the great streets are clothed and taught delightful forms of handicraft. Finely-dressed ladies of the best Russian society provide the money for its support, and pay it frequent visits. The perennial Easter greeting, "He is indeed risen," seemed to suggest itself at once.

Like many other ancient and modern despots the Tsars have been great patrons of art. But among a couple of thousand works that line the walls of the Hermitage, no painter is seen to better advantage than Rembrandt. His so-called "Mother," his "Descent from the Cross," and his "Return of the Prodigal Son," have been praised by countless critics. His "Danaë" is a triumph of technical skill bestowed on a displeasing subject. In dealing with sacred themes his strong Protestant common-sense seems to form a strange contrast to the idealism of primitive Italians, but is nevertheless ideal in a peculiar sense of its own. What a foretaste, too, of the triumphs of English genre-novelists (from Goldsmith to George Eliot) lurks in the power which he shares with other genial Dutchmen of divining an artistic charm in incidents of common life!

The first-rate portraits by Velasquez of Philip IV. of Spain and Pope Innocent X. adorn the Spanish room. Although the Italian schools are less adequately represented, a Madonna by Leonardo da Vinci and two small pictures of Raphael, "St. George" and "The Holy Family," are deserving of note. Out of some sixty national Russian works, Neff's "Maidens in a Grotto," and a portrait of the novelist Turgenev, are perhaps the most attractive. In an anteroom is a remarkable marble figure of Voltaire, from whom the great Catharine derived her ideal of enlightened despotism. During the stormy years of terror when "chaotic anarchy" had triumphed over corrupt worn-out authority in France, the Empress caused the image of the dangerous philosopher to be removed. In the lower part of the building is a large collection of sculpture. But no room is more interesting than that which contains antique treasures dug up at Kertch in the Crimea, where a Greek colony flourished more than two thousand years ago. What strange memories of warriors, poets, and beautiful women these relics evoke! They, too, had their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their doubts and struggles like ourselves. But what a contrast between the silent emblems of the dead and the life that throbs in the streets! Only the horses, as they gallantly raise their front legs, seem to resemble the horses on Grecian friezes.

The best way to obtain a good general impression of the city is to ride on the top of tram-cars in all directions. But no traveller should neglect to visit restaurants, tea-houses, or a race course, where men and women are seen off their guard as they really are. Those who take things quietly as they come absorb more than those who are over-zealous to do everything in order. A bottle of Crimean wine or a cup of fragrant tea drunk in genial company may inspire more just and charitable feelings than the bones of the primæval Mammoth or the great Sinaitic manuscript. Perhaps the suburbs and outskirts are more distinctively national than the central streets and squares.

According to Kinglake—no friendly critic of their national expansive aims—the Russians are warm-hearted, poetical, and devout. That men who are accustomed half the year to snow and ice should appreciate flowers and all green things more than the children of the South is not altogether surprising. An ancient and mystic form of faith, which deems the Romish Church too rational, inevitably tends to foster that delightful "Aberglaube" which Goethe called the "Poetry of Life." But the trait of their character that comes out most strikingly in their literature is a self-centred tendency to absorb and analyse impressions. The realistic powers of Turgenev or Tolstoi in portraying tranquil scenes of Nature or critical moments in the ebb and flow of complex human passions, have seldom if ever been surpassed. Perhaps the immemorial use of images in worship has served to render the race more sensuous and susceptible, and the absence of practical freedom often intensifies the life of the soul within. At times their writers quite perplex and weary us by their cruel dissection of barren soul-states and motives. But in spite of their pessimistic view of a world in which laughter and tears are strangely mixed, Turgenev is tender, Dostoiefski fraternal, and Tolstoi religious. Nor is the latest literature of any other nation more essentially creative. Despotism, however benevolent, tends to weaken the moral fibre of its subjects, and Protestant forms of faith are more favourable to national progress than one which fosters *far niente* holidays and unproductive asceticism. Even the monks of Oxford, whom Gibbon disliked with their "port and prejudice," were less useless to their fellow men than the anchorites of Archangel. But the beautiful singing of the creed at the Alexander Newsky Church is an expression of living faith which is able to remove mountains. The question whether Russian soldiers will plant the Cross on the Mosque of San Sofia before the century expires is the subject of a long-standing bet of a hundred pounds between two eminent historians. Our attitude on this burning problem should not blind us to the good qualities of a great and kindly people.

MAURICE TODHUNTER.

THE MEMORIAL TO MRS. BROWNING.

IT has been said that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and the taunt is not altogether undeserved. But perhaps it might be said with equal truth, touching the last decade, that we are a nation of fashion-mongers, of whom the restless minority are constantly running after some new mode of thought or some novel literary type; leaving the stolid majority to take out their moral and intellectual tape measures for the purpose of testing conformity with what may be called the ancient sartorial rule-of-thumb; while a very small, and rather youthful, contingent cut up their old ethics to suit the new conventions, and, in their own estimation, sanctify folly itself with the sacred word "advanced." It is only thirty-four years since Mrs. Browning's death: yet, among the slaves to passing fashions, she is already out of fashion. There seems even to be a difficulty in collecting the required funds for the Ledbury Memorial in her honour. It is true that her noblest memorial lives in the hearts of that vast unliterary throng described in our Authorised Version as "the common people"; and also in the work of the great poet-theologian, whose influence was the more masculine from the fact that he was too passionate to be sentimental, too many-sided to forget the claims of this homely human life of ours, even when most absorbed in the eternal problems, and who wrote of his own proudest achievement:

> "If the rough ore be rounded to a ring,
> Render all duty which good ring should do,
> And, failing grace, succeed in guardianship,—
> Might mine but lie outside thine, Lyric Love,
> Thy rare gold ring of verse (the poet praised)
> Linking our England to his Italy!"

The "posy" to that ring is too well known to need quoting, and he must indeed be dull of ear who does not feel the immortal music of the opening lines:—

"Oh, Lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire."

But it is not in these haunting lines, nor in the last words of "Prospice," nor the married melodies of "By the Fireside," that Mrs. Browning's influence is most coercive and penetrating for the outside world, nor even perhaps in the "One Word More." It is rather in the whole fabric and texture of Browning's later work, and especially of that marvellous poem of which Pompilia is the light and joy.

No one who knows Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" intimately will be likely to come to any real intimacy also with the poems Browning wrote after his marriage, and especially "The Ring and the Book," without a sense of deeply-wedded kinship here and there between the two.

There is a delightful line of George Meredith's in which he speaks of certain kinds of song as free from "taint of personality." That certainly cannot be said of either of the Brownings. In spite of his wide range and extraordinary diversity of subject, the author of "Bishop Blougram" and "Rabbi ben Ezra" is everywhere unmistakable; and, in almost all his multitudinous poems, his robust and salient individuality is recognisable at a glance. That of Elizabeth Barrett, even before they were man and wife, had probably touched his mind and heart the more poignantly because of a vivid and delicate, and almost overbalancing, emotional quality in it, which might well seem opposed to Browning's own more reticent and humorous storm and stress, though both are distinguished by the like vitality of enthusiasm, the like catholic open-mindedness and unbaffled reverence. In both there is the same boldly-questioning, yet entirely-unswerving, faith, the same untiring affection for man as man, the same sense of the sacredness of the body as well as the soul, the same worshipping delight in the beauty of ideal womanhood, the same unconquerable belief, so finely expressed in "Aurora Leigh," that—

". . . . Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God";

and, it may be added, the same humour to perceive that—

"Only he who sees, takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."

Of that poem—which Ruskin is said to have named as the greatest of the century—benighted Philistines have occasionally asserted that it is "coarse"! Such people, if they met the Angel of Pity, radiant with divine fire and beauty, would merely complain that it was indecent of him to go barefoot. They need to be reminded, through the lips of Mrs. Browning herself, that what they consider the "coarsest" part of this wonderful life of ours, is sacred and vital until the divine breath is withdrawn from it:—

"Flower from root,
And spiritual from natural, grade by grade
In all our life. A handful of the earth
To make God's image! the despised poor earth,
The healthy odorous earth,—I missed with it
The divine Breath that blows the nostrils out
To ineffable afflatus,—ay, the breath
Which love is. Art is much, but love is more.
* * * * *
Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven."

Mrs. Browning did her work so well that her truths have become our truisms. We are, after all, an ungrateful host. In all social reform we have adopted her ideas so completely that half of us forget they were hers. In a bygone day, when courage was needed, this modest and brave woman, whose "strength was as the strength of ten" because her heart was pure, out of the deep joy of her own happy love and ideal marriage took to herself the outcast and the forgotten, and, in the power of her great poem, moved a smug and pharisaical world to rescue the fallen, to redeem the poor, and to face, with some degree of honesty, social problems which had been selfishly ignored. Let it be once more conceded without hesitation that her best memorial lives on in her husband's work and in her own, and in that change in the theology and social ethics of England—a change that might almost be called a revolution—in which both the Brownings have had a deeper share than is ordinarily recognised. But when the country of her birth is asked for a visible token of gratitude, it were shameful to haggle about the price or complain that there is no money in the national purse. We are a cold and a stolid people, and occasionally it is to be feared that the slowness of emotion, which we secretly vaunt as indicative of faithfulness, does not by any means stand the test of adversity and of time, so that it is not wonderful that Mrs. Browning was sometimes angry with England in the deep wrath of wounded affection. There are certain lines in her "Summing up in Italy (*addressed to intelligent publics out of it*)" which hit us hard in our moods of political selfishness and cowardice. Even in remembrance and in constancy we seem to have fallen behind "her Italy." Long ago the municipality of Florence placed on Casa Guidi their noble memorial to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, of whom they wrote there, in the words of Tommaseo, "che in cuore di donna seppe unire sapienza di dotto, e facondia di poeta." We cannot equal the beauty of the Florentine inscription, of which only a fragment is given here. But, despite our English tardiness, if the Free Library at Ledbury does ever become an accomplished fact, the memorial may have a practical eloquence of its own; for it has been said with truth, of her to whose memory the building is dedicated, what indeed is witnessed by her own words, that "her Christianity was not confined to church or rubrics: it meant civilisation." There has been no attempt here at any critical appraisement of Mrs. Browning's precise standing as an artist, though, whatever may be the deductions and admissions demanded by such an appraisement, it is only necessary to remember that she wrote the so-called "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in order to ensure her unassailable place among the poets. But there are many who are careless of poetry, and who yet owe her a debt of lasting gratitude for her work in the cause of social and political reform.

A. M.

THE DRAMA.

Sir Edward Russell on Garrick.

We London playgoers are still accustomed to speak with a certain condescension of "the provinces." We know that they exist—on the map. We think of them, in the vague way in which the Mulligan described the situation of his town residence, as "over there." But our cockneyism sometimes gets a rude shock. If the provinces are denied the first glimpse of new plays, they are more than compensated by lectures on the drama. I note that nearly every theatrical article which appears in the London magazines has previously been delivered as a lecture in the provinces. In this way some philosophical society at Edinburgh gets the *primeur* of Mr. Irving's ideas. Mr. Tree unpacks his heart with words about *Hamlet* at Wolverhampton. And here is Sir Edward Russell lecturing on Garrick at Oxford and Liverpool. Now, to attend a lecture on the drama is obviously a very different thing from going to see a play. There is a nobler motive in it. You have an intellectual interest, instead of a mere desire for amusement. London is flocking to *Trilby* and *Charley's Aunt*. Oxford and Liverpool want to hear about Garrick. The contrast is too painful.

I have been favoured with a copy of Sir Edward Russell's scholarly, urbane, altogether delightful

lecture. The gift makes me feel like a sinner who has been offered a tract. The thing doesn't convert him, but he is grateful to the donor of it for the interest taken in his spiritual welfare. I have done my best. I have tried hard to enter into Sir Edward's enthusiasm over the art of acting—"the highest and finest art," he calls it—and our famous English exponent of the great art. But I find I am incorrigible. I cannot bring myself to see "eye to eye" with these out-and-out encomiasts of the actor's art. What is an actor? He is a man who can excite real emotions in an assembly of his fellow-men by the mere spectacle of the dexterity with which he presents emotions not real, in a character not his own, in speeches he did not invent. An actor is a mouthpiece for other men's words, the keyboard of a piano on which other men play. He is a man who puts his face, his voice, his figure, his feelings at the disposal of somebody else. Has he a character of his own—the temper, the courage, the magnanimity, the will-power, which go to make up a man, doing a man's work in the world? Sometimes, of course, he has. But to what use does he put these ingredients of character? He makes playthings of them; they become mere pigments on a palette, used to give colour to a picture—which has been designed in another man's brain. At any rate, that is so when the actor is—as Garrick notably was—a mime. For one has to distinguish. Sir Edward very justly points out, that all acting is not miming.

> "There are strong individualities which can successfully assume a succession of parts, and exhibit themselves most distinctly and unaltered in each, and yet present a series of strong and varied characters—though to say so may seem a paradox. I will even go further and say that experience suggests that actors of this type are those who cope most successfully with parts that are on the heights of passion and imagination. Not to mention players now on the stage, we may confidently place John Kemble, Macready, Phelps, and Charles Kean in this category. Whether Edmund Kean should be placed in it I do not feel able to say; but I am inclined to think that fire and vividness, fury and horror, had more to do with his achievements than mimetic assumption."

Note that it is the actors of this class who have our respect. And why? Because we are conscious that they are men, not mirrors. This irrepressible character, this strong individuality, is in acting precisely what style is in literature—an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual man. Behind the highest art we look for character. It is not the mere skill of a Sir Walter Scott or a George Eliot in inventing fictitious personages which commands our admiration—it is the temper, the nature, the *ethos* of the inventor. All great art is great because it is an expression of the artist. I apologise for these commonplaces. It is an impertinence for me to be saying ditto to Mr. Ruskin. But these commonplaces seem to be nearly always overlooked by the panegyrists of the actor's art. Let me return to Sir Edward Russell:—

> "Those who deny to acting the rank of a fine art, because of the evanescence of its effects, adopt an arbitrary criterion. Let us suppose that the greatest of living painters suddenly discovers a material or vehicle in which he can produce pictures doubly as real, doubly as beautiful, doubly as winning, doubly as imaginative, as those which he has hitherto produced with the customary oil and pigments; but they will not long endure. And suppose that the use of this new material or vehicle calls for much rarer and finer and more poetic skill than goes to the production of the most excellent paintings of the usual, more permanent character. And suppose that the artist has developed this higher skill as well as found the new material. It may be a mistake on his part to devote himself to the new form of his art, but who can deny that it is higher and finer art than he has hitherto been practising? Now, this is exactly what acting ought to be, *from the multiplicity and delicacy of its counterfeiting faculties*, as compared with every other art. Therefore, I call it the highest and finest art wherever it approaches perfection. . . ."

Upon the question of evanescence I will not dwell, for I do not think that question has anything to do with the real objection against ranking the actor's as the highest and finest art. What I am concerned with is Sir Edward's remarkable reason for giving it this rank—to be found in the words I have italicised. He first assumes that art is a matter of counterfeiting, and then gives acting the highest place because, as a matter of fact, its counterfeiting faculties are the most numerous and delicate. I can only say that for my part I should deny both the assumption and the fact. Even if art were all "counterfeiting," I should hold that the art of Shakespeare, which counterfeited the character, the thoughts, the feelings and words of Hamlet, involves an infinitely greater "multiplicity and delicacy of counterfeiting faculties" than the art of Garrick which counterfeited Hamlet's voice, gestures, actions, and appearance. But art is *not* all "counterfeiting." The counterfeiting in the finest art is only the thin veil for a personality, the medium through which the artist reveals himself. What is more, great art is not only a revelation of a human soul, but it is the revelation of a new form of truth, a new kind of beauty; it changes the face of the world. Does the art of acting answer to this description? I, for one, think not. And all Sir Edward Russell's enthusiastic eloquence shall not persuade me to rank the Iliad and the Monna Lisa and the Divine Comedy and the Ninth Symphony below the "highest and finest art" of Garrick hiccupping out Sir John Brute's "pre-ro-ga-tive," or stroking Archer's silk stockings, or shouting "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham."

A. B. W.

THE HUMILIATION OF ENGLAND.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 6th.

THE flight of little Said Pasha to the British Embassy is the dramatic incident of the week, and it may prove to be an important event, but it will be an old story when this letter appears. Kiamil barely escaped with his life, thanks to the vigorous intervention of the Ambassadors, and Said was the only statesman left in Constantinople. He is an able man, and has great influence with the Turks, who believe him to be a good Moslem and a patriot. He was decidedly anti-English during the long period, years ago, when he was Grand Vizier, but during his short term last summer he was in favour of genuine reform. He would no doubt have been killed to-day if he had not received timely warning and escaped. What will come of his taking refuge in the British Embassy remains to be seen. To complete its abject humiliation, the British Government ought to give him up to the Sultan, who has not yet yielded to three weeks of humble entreaty on the part of the Ambassadors to allow them to bring up their small gunboats for their personal protection.

Meanwhile the massacre and plunder of the Armenians goes steadily on, and is now extending into the other vilayets of Asia Minor. Last Saturday it was the turn of Cesarea, in the province of Angora, one of the principal towns in Asia Minor, with an Armenian population of 12,000 to 15,000. We have no news thus far, except the Turkish official statement that the Armenians have been plundered and 65 killed. The official report from Erzingan said 80 killed, but the Consular reports made it 1,000. We may count on about the same discrepancy at Cesarea, but, as I have often said, it is the wholesale plunder which is more destructive than the actual massacre. It reduces half the population at least to absolute want and speedy starvation. The detailed reports which are now coming in from Sivas, Arabkir, Kharpoot, Marash, and other places are worse than anything we have had before. The destruction of the Armenian communities in these towns has been completed amid scenes of fiendish barbarity which no pen can describe. Those left alive are left without anything. Even the American missionaries at Kharpoot lost everything but the clothing which

they wore. Eight of their buildings were burned and the other four looted. The mission buildings at Marash were looted and burned by the soldiers. In neither of these places was any provocation given by the Armenians, and most of them died like sheep. They had no arms, and could do nothing. All the villages in these districts have been destroyed, and they were among the most prosperous in Turkey. In all these places there has come out more clearly than before the determination of the Government to force upon all the Armenians the alternative of death or conversion to Mohammedanism. This choice has been distinctly presented to them—to individuals and village communities. Three Protestant clergymen in one of these districts were plainly given their choice—either death or I-lâm—and they died for their faith; so have multitudes, and greater multitudes are slowly starving to death rather than deny their Master. But thousands of others—poor terror-stricken peasants, deserted by the Christian world—have already yielded. The Sultan will tolerate Armenians, but not Christian Armenians. Oh for a Cromwell in England! to make Christianity respected, even in Turkey.

The state of things in Constantinople is growing steadily worse. The Government has persuaded the mass of Turks here that all the massacres in the interior have been massacres of Turks by Armenians, and has even paid an illustrated paper in Paris to give a picture of Armenians massacring Turks in a mosque, and then circulated the paper here. The papers here announce officially that the European Powers—England especially—have been convinced of the guilt of the Armenians and have withdrawn all their sympathy for them. In this way the Turks here have been wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement against the Armenians, and we are in daily expectation of a great massacre. The Government itself is carrying on the work quietly. Every day numbers of Armenians disappear, and what becomes of them no one knows. I can hardly believe that the Sultan will order a massacre here. The danger is that it may commence without orders—in the existing state of feeling—especially since the work of extermination has taken such a decided and open religious character.

I see that the *Spectator*, which has for months advocated a wise and courageous policy, now thinks that the Armenians will probably be exterminated, and that the people of England will not trouble themselves seriously about it. It certainly looks like it; but I am astonished that a paper so fond of going to the bottom of things should excuse this on the ground that we cannot sympathise strongly with Asiatics, and should fail to call attention to the fact that the action of Europe in this Armenian question is a revelation of the degradation of our civilisation. In losing its hold of the Christian virtues it has utterly failed to regain its hold of the virtues of Paganism. It reflects rather the baseness and the utter selfishness of Imperial Rome in its decadence. This is a revelation. Would anyone have believed twenty years ago that the Sultan of Turkey could defy all Europe with impunity—that there was not a single Power to take up the gage—that the greatest fleet of modern times would gather in the Ægean and the Powers not have the courage to use it—that they could look on with indifference at the destruction of a Christian people placed under their special protection, and not dare to fire a gun to save it? And the most astonishing thing of it all is that a paper like the *Spectator*, dear to me for almost forty years, sees nothing strange in all this, but thinks it can all be explained on the ground that the Armenians are Asiatics. Is there then no manhood, no moral courage left, even in England? I am told, on good authority, that Lord Salisbury does not feel justified in running any risk because England has no direct interest at stake in this question. Has it come to this? Is the pledged honour of England not a direct interest? Is her reputation for courage of no account? Has she no direct interest in defending a suffering people whom she has taken under her protection, and who owe all these misfortunes to her interference to maintain the Ottoman Empire? Swinburne had better revise his ode to Nelson. In my opinion, looking at it even from a material and selfish point of view, England could have better afforded to lose her whole Mediterranean fleet than to suffer the humiliation of the present situation.

ITALY, FRANCE, AND THE PAPACY.

THE urgency with which the Pope is putting forward claims to a political position in Italy, and the attention that those claims may receive in England or America, will, I hope, justify an attempt to make the real state of the question better understood than it seems to be, even by many Italians, though the change brought about in Italian public opinion within the last few years by experience is very significant. The idea, held up to 1848, that the Papacy might be a basis for Italian influence abroad was entirely demolished by Cavour, who demonstrated that it would be a danger to Italy if the Pope were, or seemed to be, the instrument of the Italian Government, as in the Holy Roman Empire and with the pretended heirs of Charlemagne, Napoleons I. and III. Cavour's conception of an entirely independent Pope, free in a free State, was the basis on which the independence of the Pontiff was to be established, as in Belgium and the United States of America. This was to have been brought about by the so called law of guarantees, which was found amongst the papers of Cavour almost in its actual form. But there was this great difference, that Cavour, when he was drawing up the project of this law, or Pontifical Statute, had, only a little before his death, obtained the formal consent of the majority of the Sacred College, not, indeed, to the renunciation of the principle of the rights of the Church, but to a position similar to that which the Holy See was obliged to assume on the loss of former possessions (as, for instance, Avignon), and to an active participation of the Church in public life, the cardinals having seats in the Senate. Cavour was quite aware, on the other hand, that, as in Belgium, the Church might have a political majority; and to this he declared himself reconciled for the sake of Italian unity, as well as to remaining, with other Italian Liberals, on the benches of the Opposition all his later years. But in the Church and out of it some very important interests were hostile to the pacific co operation of the Holy See and the Italian kingdom; and amongst these interests, the foremost was the protectorate which France held of the Catholics on the Mediterranean. To the recommendation of Napoleon III. that the Italian Government should become reconciled to the Papacy Baron Ricasoli had the courage to answer by showing that on every occasion when this reconciliation seemed possible the French Government had adopted means to prevent it; and it is well known that when Pius IX., a few months before his death, recommended the Sacred College to hold the future conclave abroad, he was yielding to the pressure of France, which showed him that in the event of the election of a certain candidate who seemed to have the greatest promise of success, and who was known to be friendly to a reconciliation with Italy, a schism of the Gallican Church was inevitable. This reconciliation is no longer apprehended by France, which has learned how to entangle in a network of influences of various kinds the Italian Clericals and Radicals, now openly combined against the Italian monarchy. Italy cannot reproach France with this action; it is the result of the fidelity of France to the traditions of her past, whether Legitimist or Revolutionary. The interests which France has in

the protection of the Catholics in the East has been, and still is, the *cheval de bataille* of the enemies of Italian unity in France. Not being able to have a king of Rome, as Napoleon I. had, nor to uphold the Pope by his bayonets, as Napoleon III. did, it is to the present interest of France to have in him a temporal pretender counting on her for the restoration of that territorial sovereignty which Leo XIII. declares, with the approbation of the official press of France, indispensable to the Holy See. The result of a loyal trial of twenty-five years on the part of Italy is therefore this—that now, through the mouth of Leo XIII., who has never ruled, as in 1870 through that of Pius IX., a dethroned prince, the Bishop of Rome declares himself obliged to remain inactive in his diocese, and the head of the Italian Church imposes on Italian Catholics abstention from political activity, while the majority of prelates, bishops and cardinals openly profess the French programme of a republican federation with the Pope at the head of it.

Two decisive problems offer themselves to Italy: one ecclesiastical, very serious in its relation to public order, in view of the consequences of the moral anarchy resulting from the spiritual inactivity of the Pope and his determined hostility to the monarchical authority by law established; and the other a political problem growing out of the fact that the Pope, disdaining all guarantees of independence and of religious liberty, wishes to appear before Italy only as a political claimant. And he is an inviolable pretender, established in the capital, whose defence he can interfere with, having immunity in his communications with the eventual enemy; a pretender, supported abroad not only by the political interests of France, but by the ignorant indignation of the victims of the legend of the Prisoner of the Vatican. It would be superfluous to demonstrate that all this, together with the assistance notoriously given to the Italian Radicals by France, constitutes a grave peril for Italy from within as from without. Nevertheless, Italian public opinion does not demand that the law of guarantees should be suspended, except in case of war, if the Chief of Staff should see fit to put the capital in a state of defence. But the difficulty which presents itself is that of a future conclave, when it will not be a question of electing merely a Bishop for Rome, nor a Head of the Italian Church—since the future Pope must maintain the attitude of protest assumed by his predecessor—but of the claimant of the sovereignty over the territory henceforward declared irrevocably to be necessary to Italy. In the future conclave the question will be that already proclaimed by Leo XIII.—the dismemberment of Italy; and, as happened in the Diet of Poland, part of the votes, especially the foreign, are already openly pledged to this programme. If the question is put in this practical way, the danger is seen to come from these two facts: that the Pope is Italian, and that he lives in Rome. In these two facts the Guelf party in 1848 saw advantage and glory for Italy, while to-day they are seen to menace the independence and monarchical unity of the peninsula, just as they hindered for centuries its unity and independence, through the Popes—whether as instruments of a Cæsarism abroad, or heirs of a Cæsarism at home—coming forward with pretensions to a right of arbitration between governments and populations, and authority over Churches even in the East. Through all these legends, and in all this rhetoric, the practical common sense of the Italian people of to-day, less preoccupied by mundane ambitions than by the safety of their country, begins to see that a foreign Pope, even were he arbitrator amongst other nations and master of other Churches, would be practically unable to pose as Pretendant to a temporal throne in Italy, while to an Italian Pope residing abroad such an attitude would involve the loss of the spiritual supremacy over the Italian Church, and the state which encouraged and protected him would be bound by the rules of International Law applicable to pretenders who disturb the peace of other states. It is evident, for example, that it would be more embarrassing to France to have a French Pope in Rome, or an Italian Pope at Avignon, than it would be in Rome—either by menaces of abolishing the Concordat, or by encouraging hopes of a return to the temporal power—to be able to rule over an Italian Pope whom, without compromising herself, she could associate with the subversive parties in the work of gradually undermining the bases of order and authority. Such a *régime*, without example save in Italy, and defined by a German historian as "permanent civil war guaranteed by the Government," must, according to the calculations of the Governments hostile to the Triple Alliance, be disastrous to Italy in case of a war, the departure of the Pope by sea or land at the beginning of hostilities sufficing to increase materially the strength of the enemy and produce a profound agitation in the country. There is no wonder that such a danger materially weakens Italy in her relations with Germany and England and obliges her to maintain a military force which materially affects her finances. It is not probable that the influences ruling at the Vatican will agree that by the election of a foreign Pope the question should become in fact purely religious. Hence nothing remains in the opinion of many influential Italians but to provide, while the present too precarious tranquillity continues in Europe, for the honourable exodus either of the conclave according to the orders of Pius IX., or of Leo XIII., in conformity with his irrevocable declarations on the incompatibility involved in the duplex sovereignty in Rome. In no other way is it possible to terminate the fatal confusion between the temporal and spiritual powers which the entry of the Italians into Rome has not succeeded in abolishing, and which finds new sustenance in the extraordinary prerogatives which, unaccompanied by any practical responsibility, are accorded by Italy to the second sovereign in her indispensable capital, and to the diplomats accredited to him. In no other way is it possible to dispel the shadow of the temporal power, which, lengthened out into the remote future over all Italians elected to the Papacy in Rome, compels them, like Leo XIII., to declare that one or the other of the sovereigns must leave Rome. To hold the next conclave abroad would work peace, political and religious.

AN OLD ITALIAN.

Rome, November, 1895.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN TOURAINE.

ONE morning news was brought to the château that Mère Jacqueline had hanged herself. If Madame would be kind enough, Père Jacques, as we called him for short, would be very grateful if she would come and see him. We knew that Mère Jacqueline had been "queer" for some time, and that the neighbours had been doing their best not to leave her much by herself when Père Jacques was obliged to work in his fields and in the little vineyard; but it had all been to no purpose, it was done, and here was an end of it. We were soon on our way to the cottage, along the little path, through the fresh young wheat, and the vineyards where the men were busy cutting down the long branches that had borne last year's fruit. It seemed strange and weird to me, on that lovely spring morning, with the blue sky above, and the clear keen air around, that anyone could be lying cold and dead by their own action.

As we walked, Madame told me of the kind of life led by a man such as Père Jacqueline. "The worst of our peasant proprietorship," she said, "is, that a man is born and lives and dies in the same spot. Unless, of course, he is drawn for conscription he never sees more of the world than ten miles round his home. Père Jacques himself is well read, and knows the history of his country as well as the

plays of some of the great masters, and he takes a keen interest in politics. I have often said to him: 'Mon pauvre Jacques, if thou hadst only travelled a little in thy youth, thou mightest have been a greater man than thou art.' But no; he was content to toil and toil, to put by till he had enough to buy one strip of land after another, and then he built his house, all with his own hands, and there he has lived ever since, on his own land and in his own house. This is one man's life, but it is the same with all the peasants round here."

Past the little brushwood copse that served him for firewood we came upon Père Jacqueline's little two-roomed low cottage. Tidy and neat and sufficient for two, that was all. No attempt at any brightness, no bit of garden; just the bare necessities of life. Opposite the house was a small barn, where in winter the apples and potatoes were stored, and beyond a few walnut trees. We knocked, and the door was opened by a man in a blue blouse and much patched corduroy trousers, the new dark patches contrasting oddly against the light grey of the old.

"Bon jour, Henri; you have come then to keep poor Jacques company in his sorrow? That is kind of you."

"Ah! yes, madame, when trouble comes 'tis not good to be too much alone." By which I took it he meant that Père Jacqueline might also hear voices telling him to hang himself if he were left alone with the dead.

We went into the living room. It was the same as many I had been in—a sanded floor and a chest where the bread was kept, two chairs and a table, an open fireplace with yesterday's ashes lying cold and grey on the hearth, and a few pots for simple stews. Bare walls and bare living, I thought as I looked round. Why did these two strive and strain every nerve to put it all in the stocking? Why could they not allow themselves some comforts and some prettinesses? They had no children and yet they worked from early morn till dewy eve. For what purpose? and except that to save is part of the French peasant's nature, I could find no answer.

Seated on a chair, with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, sat a man about fifty years of age. Madame went to him and put her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

"My poor poor Jacques," she said, "I am here. Tell me how it happened."

Jacques raised his haggard face from his hands, and monotonously, in the high-pitched, unemotional voice of intense sorrow, he began—

"She had been so much better lately that I had hoped at last she had got over her trouble. Only last week her sister Annette wrote and asked if she should come, as she came once before—you remember, madame, when Marie was ill—but the wife did not seem to want her, so I said no. Marie has been so busy with one thing and another."

"Ah! that was the thing, my poor man. Marie worked too hard."

"Maybe you are right, madame," he said wearily. "I went to Tours yesterday, and she had the supper ready when I came home, and we talked a bit of the piece of land I want to buy from Père Guizot. She was up before me this morning, and I heard her busy in here, and then I heard the door bang after her as she went out. I thought she had gone to milk the cow. I got up and went out to the vineyard, where I worked about an hour. When I came back Marie was not here; I went to the cowshed—the cow had not been milked. Then it flashed across me something might have happened. I pushed open the door of the barn, and there—oh, my God!—she was hanging by a cord to the beam in the middle. I called to Henri, who was working outside, and we cut her down and together carried her in there," and he jerked his finger in the direction of the other room.

"She was quite dead, and I am all alone."

Poor Jacqueline rose, and, flinging himself in the chair by the table, buried his head in his arms and sobbed.

I felt I had no right to be there. I could do nothing, say nothing, in the face of such a tragedy, and would have left the cottage, but Madame motioned me to stay where I was. "May I go and see her?" she asked of Henri; and turning to me, she said, "Wilt thou come, too?" But I, with the natural shrinking of the young from the sight of death, shook my head. I couldn't. So she left me with the two men. Then, with the true politeness of a Frenchman, they tried to talk of other things—of the crops, of the chance of rain, and the wine *récolte*. I answered vaguely, for my thoughts were full of sympathy for Jacques, and yet I was unable to say anything. It was a long five minutes before Madame came back. "Mon pauvre Jacques, she looks so peaceful that we must not grieve. Le bon Dieu comfort thee," she said; and shaking him gently by the hand, and nodding to Henri, we passed out again into the sunshine.

DORA ROSCOE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL FEDERATION.

SIR,—The pre-eminent justice and reasonableness of your article last week on the National Liberal Federation—a justice and reasonableness most refreshing after the random or calculated talk recently served up to us—leads me to hope that you may be induced to admit a small contribution to the discussion from one who is not without some knowledge of the inner working of that body.

I cordially agree with you that the infusion of new blood is essential to the health of all committees; and I am sure you will be glad to know that new blood flows into the Federation Executive by a perfectly natural process. This year, out of the twenty names, nine are absolutely fresh, their advent being due to three causes: the retirement (by unwritten law) of all who have become members of Parliament, of those who have failed to attend during the year, and of those who, for one reason or another, cannot see their way to further service. That nearly fifty per cent. of the Executive should be new members is unusual, and anyone acquainted with the working of bodies where continuity has to be preserved and delicate business often transacted, would probably add undesirable, since the new members might easily, at any given time, constitute the whole committee present; but, fortunately, a General Election does not swell the number of retirements every year. Some regulation, such as you suggest, providing for the annual retirement of a member or two for one year, would probably commend itself to the general judgment; but when retirements take place in the nature of things, it would be pedantic and unadvisable to make further retirements compulsory. The regulation should, therefore, as it appears to me, be conditional on retirements taking place in no other way.

A great deal has been said lately about democratising the Executive Committee, by which, I suppose, it is meant that the selection of it should be left entirely to chance nomination and voting at a meeting of the General Committee, with its hundreds of delegates. I cannot believe that any man with intimate practical knowledge of the working of directorates—whether philanthropic, commercial, or political—would agree to such a proposition. A heterogeneous assembly (I use the adjective in no disrespectful sense), gathered from divers localities, needs guidance and suggestion, or it is at the mercy of fortuitous nominations at a time when personal qualifications cannot be really discussed, and of small cabals which have arranged to club together votes for some sectional favourite. The Federation Executive, if it is worthy of being an executive, is in touch, or can get into touch, with the party in all districts of the country; it knows, or can get to know, what leading Liberals inspire most general confidence throughout those districts severally, and it can discuss confidentially, and therefore fully, with all knowledge attainable, the special qualifications or disqualifications attaching to any name that may be mentioned. The names selected are always those of prominent and active Liberals in the various localities, democratically chosen for office of some kind by those localities on account of their work and their worth—in every case known and respected as Liberals beyond the bounds of the localities within which their special functions lie, but not, of course, necessarily known as representative men to every Liberal in other districts. A reasonable assembly is grateful for the responsible suggestion of such names, and is satisfied not to find fault with an Executive, so suggesting and so constituted, till they are

discovered to be incapable; while it is apt to ridicule or ignore the men who (though the Executive may be doing its business well) go "baldheaded and blind" for a doctrinaire democratism, professing that no practical advantage can possibly compensate for the theoretical evils of a "cut-and-dried list." Truly, there is much virtue in a phrase, and there is much vice likewise. Even "democratisation" has to be tempered with prudence if the pivot authority is not to be tossed about by every wind and wave of clique and accidental voting. When the Executive fails in its duty, the general body will know fast enough what to do with it. Meanwhile, there is no solid accusation against it: the attack is solely upon a method which has hitherto worked well; and, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

A word as to the connection of the Federation and the Central Association, or, as it is commonly termed, "the Whips." We must beware lest the cry against this connection degenerate into a cant. We may at once and unreservedly admit that a relation which is to the mutual advantage of Federation and Central Association for purely business purposes is open to suspicion, especially when suspiciousness is played upon. The alternative courses appear to be—on the one hand, to surrender the signal advantages in economy and efficiency which the present connection secures; on the other, to tackle the suspiciousness, and, if possible, prove that it is and always has been groundless. Such proof can be most completely and effectually presented at a private meeting of the whole Federation. It could then be ascertained whether those who are so prompt to complain are as prompt to join in facing the very practical difficulties which the changes they propose would raise; and sensible Liberals would then be able to decide whether the serious disadvantages of having two organisations to do the same work in registration, recommendation of candidates, and provision of the sinews of war, permit the game of separation to be worth the candle. I merely put the alternatives: I am not presumptuous enough to decide between them. But, in conclusion, is not the dissatisfaction, so far as it really exists—and it is as easy as it is speculative to describe the dissatisfaction as wide and general—is not this dissatisfaction with the Federation, I would ask, due, at its root, to the fact that our local organisations in very many parts of the country are languid and even torpid? I need not quote the frequent attribution of our electoral defeats to "want of local organisation," or point out that no Federation, however efficient, can make up for local apathy. I will take one fact and leave it to simmer. The Executive Committee, a long time before the annual meeting of the Federation, sends round to the various associations a request that they will formulate resolutions embodying the local opinion of what is desirable in legislation; and it is an open secret that the response is not by any means abundant. It is mere futility to pretend that such resolutions would not affect those suggested by the Executive at the annual meeting. The Executive Committee is ready to be the mouthpiece of the associations, discriminating between the general feeling and the sporadic by means of the answers returned. But the associations have acquired, it would appear, such confidence in the representative insight of the Central Executive that they have left the expression of the preponderating Liberal sentiment of the country largely to its spontaneous formulation. This is the fault, not of the Executive, but of the associations themselves; though the success hitherto of the Executive in the task assigned them has been (it is fair to say) a constant testimonial to their real representativeness. One of the most astonishing features of the recent discussion at Leeds was the revelation that some of the most emphatic complaints were bound up with complete ignorance that the individual associations are consulted before any resolution is put into shape. The inference forces itself upon us either that in many cases the associations do not muster when summoned for this purpose, or that their secretaries do not trouble to call them together, but drop the request of the Executive into the waste-paper basket.

If the Central Federation has lost power in the country, as some affirm, it is from local atrophy. Let the local associations wake up, and the vigour of the Federation (which is only their concentrated expression) cannot fail to correspond.—I am, Sir, etc.,

AN OLD LIBERAL WORKER.

CARLYLE'S "FREDERICK."

SIR,—Mr. Morley is reported to have threatened to question the veracity of anyone who should claim to have read "Frederick the Great"; and Mr. Birrell in his speech does not appear to have referred to that work. These things "have caused me much surprise." To me it would seem like discussing Ruskin without having read "Modern Painters" for anyone to dare to consider Carlyle except in the light of his "Frederick." It is the very last book in the world to read in the form of tit-bits: it should be taken whole, like a pill, or not at all. Compared to the Carlyle of "Frederick," he of "Cromwell" is gritty, and he of the French Revolution overflavoured. This his greatest work is mellow and rich, seductive and invigorating; or, in the words of art, the largest canvas is simpler and broader—its tone, though on a so much larger scale, is perfect: it has the freshness of a sketch, but it is luminous with the finish of unending pains. Carlylese has here its justification, for the other books are only studies of that style of writing to lead up to this; and I had hoped that the agony through which its workmanship was perfected had appealed to more "poor souls" than one. When he ended he bade adieu to good readers and to bad, little thinking, perhaps, how few these were to be; yet he was probably shrewd enough to guess that those would talk about him most who read him least. How can his people read the lives and letters if they do not know "Frederick" and the tribulation of its birth? I have always wondered why those best of "Lives" could not be read in love and silence and respect, and here is the reason out at last. When, instead of ten volumes of what is called light literature, the people take the ten volumes of "Frederick" one by one from the first page to the last and read them, they may know something of Carlyle, and in some sort may partake of his spirit at its best.—Yours very truly,

G. R.

WANTED! A VOICE.

"Oh for one hour of Mr. Gladstone in his prime!"
THE SPEAKER, December 7th.

OH, God, for the sound of the clarion voice
And the eyes of leaping flame!
To lash the lands from the craven choice
Of Peace with eternal shame—
Till from fisherman's hut on the Galway coast
To the deeps of the Oural mine,
A great cry breaks from the myriad host—
"Down with the cursed line!"

Oh, God, for one man's blazing wrath
To set the West on fire!
Till the nations hew a blood-red path
To the goal of their one desire,
Till they save all souls of Christian birth
From the doom of Hell and the work
Of Stamboul, and sweep from the face of the earth
The unspeakable name of the Turk!

WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

LADY EASTLAKE.

THAT Lady Eastlake was a striking personality, a good woman, and a firm friend are happily all things no one need be at any pains to dispute. To assert the contrary would be to trespass over the well-defined boundaries of good feeling, and to make an incursion upon the province of that old *Quarterly Review* to the columns of which Lady Eastlake was a frequent contributor. We are not only willing to assume it, but glad to believe it. And, indeed, Lady Eastlake was more than this. Her Journals* as well as some of her early published writings make it plain that she was a shrewd observer, an accurate describer, and an artist of at least decent pretensions. When this has been said, a full-stop is inevitable. Her qualifications as a critic of literature are nowhere apparent. Of extensive reading not a trace is to be found. Of that humility which ignorance ought, though it never does, engender, there is not a suspicion. She could not have been more cocksure had she been a Macaulay, and a Macaulay without reading is indeed a portent. Accident threw open to her the "pulpit" of the *Quarterly Review*, and from that pulpit she preached many a sermon, inflicted many a wound, promulgated much mischievous nonsense without a tremor or a misgiving. Of course, it is all dead now, as dead as Queen Anne; but it was alive once, the more's the pity.

She was born at Norwich in 1809, where her father, Dr. Edward Rigby, had a large practice as

* "Journals and Correspondence of Lady Eastlake." 2 vols. London: John Murray.

a physician, and where he begot twelve children, Elizabeth being the fifth. Her education was chiefly abroad in Germany and Russia, and from the first she had an artistic bent. In 1832 she spent a year in London—studying art and music. In 1835 she was again in Germany; and in 1838 went to Russia, where she passed two years at Revál, in the Baltic Provinces, and paid occasional visits to Petersburg and other places. Here she wrote the Letters, afterwards published (in 1841) by John Murray, entitled "A Residence on the Shores of the Baltic." Lockhart, then editor of the *Quarterly*, was consulted about the manuscript, and very properly formed a high opinion of the descriptive powers of the undoubtedly talented writer. In 1842 Miss Rigby, with her mother and sisters, took up her abode in Edinburgh, where off and on she lived until her marriage with Mr. Eastlake in 1849. She was a welcome addition to the society of "Auld Reekie," and though a thorough Englishwoman, seems to have been very happy, and to have enjoyed Professor Wilson and the rest of the North Country carles as much as anybody could wish. A good deal of her married life was spent in Continental travel of the well-known kind, and in entertaining and being entertained, flattering and being flattered. In 1865 she became a widow, struck up a great friendship with that remarkable woman, Mrs. Grote, and the rest of her life, which terminated in 1893, was devoted to her friends.

What we lack in these volumes is any indication of intellectual growth, or of that curiosity to acquire knowledge, of that desire to extend her mental horizons, which are of the essence of literary criticism. She simply comes heavily down upon everybody who does not reflect herself in their mirrors. It never occurs to her that she is a poor, ignorant creature, sorely in need of instruction, of guidance, and of new light. Of Goethe she calmly observes on December 31st, 1842, being then thirty-three years of age: "Goethe had no conscience and chose the lowest ideal of human nature, and his trashy, uninteresting, vulgar stuff is the natural result." Trashy, uninteresting, vulgar! These are indeed damning epithets. They make one blush for the poor woman. Nor are they redeemed by even occasional flashes of insight. From beginning to end, in all matters of literature, Lady Eastlake is hopeless.

It is, of course, impossible to overlook the fact now for the first time admitted, that she and Lockhart between them wrote the infamous review of "Jane Eyre" which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* in the year 1848. The editor, indeed, does not seek to divide the blame, but nobody can read the review without seeing that there were two hands concerned in it; and for our part, we are well disposed to believe that the worst parts of it were the sprouts of Lockhart's malignant brain. No need now to revive the scandal of this noisome production. It is no longer matter of controversy, only of shame. What is interesting is to read the extracts the editor has printed from letters addressed by Lockhart to Miss Rigby whilst the odious article was incubating. From these it appears that Lockhart had received, some time before 1848, a copy of the poems of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, had read them, and preferred the poems of Currer to those of Ellis. Here are his terrible words: "I think the poems of Currer much better than those of Acton and Ellis." He adds:—

> "I know nothing of the writers, but the common rumour is that they are brothers of the weaving-order in some Lancashire town. At first it was generally said that Currer was a lady, and Mayfair circumstantialised by making her the *chère amie* of Mr. Thackeray. But your skill in 'dress' settles the question of sex. I think, however, some woman must have assisted in the school-scenes of 'Jane Eyre,' which have a striking air of truthfulness to me—an ignoramus, I allow, on such points."

Were not the subject infinitely disgusting, it would be amusing to observe these two wiseacres exchanging their barren confidences, their base surmises, about a work of genius. It is a great pity Lockhart should have been, in his editorial capacity, such a ruffian, for that there is a charm about him there is no gainsaying—and was he not the biographer of Scott?

As an example of Lady Eastlake at her best we will quote a few lines from her description of Lockhart: "No one was more loved by his friends. He had that spell about him which touched the hidden romance in man or woman, while his gifts, his upright judgment (!), and lastly his sufferings, won every other element of admiration, respect, and sympathy." Lady Eastlake, like so many good women, was truly loyal. Says she: "To Lady Sinclair's. A very charming evening. Introduced to Lord F. Fitzclarence, whose likeness to the late king won his way to my heart."

The king, we know, can do no wrong; but it is surely an odd entry. Lady Eastlake was, of course, a good Churchwoman, and she suffered much at what she is pleased to call Mr. Guthrie's conventicle—but that was to be expected; but even the General Assembly of the Established Church offended her sensibilities. "May 23. To the Assembly—a horrible display of the vulgarities of the Scotch Church. The whole thing breathed a Republican-American spirit in spite of the Commission on the Throne. Exit—thoroughly disgusted."

The best things in the book are the descriptions of scenes and scenery. These are sometimes very good; for, as an example of the first, there is a splendid description of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and, as a specimen of the latter, consider this about Scotch lochs—

> "I don't care for these lochs in full view. Little shore-bits of them are delicious, but too generally they lie heavy and dull, and seem to cover up what might be more beautiful than themselves. What I like in Scotland is a broad hill-side with straggling bush or straying cattle—a warm brown-green, with patches of heath—and above, clear and blue against the outline, a full, white-bosomed cloud rolling about in a deep blue sky."

This, at all events, is more to the purpose than the following judgment on Wordsworth in 1846:—

> "He is a puzzle to me—commonplace in thought and barren in word—yet with some he is more popular than any other poet. At all events, the taste for him is a good sign of the day, for he has nothing to catch the senses—dry, hard reason and sound principle, expressed in the most unattractive manner, are all I can find in him."

And with this characteristic utterance of a "Quarterly Reviewer" like a lump of lead on our hearts, let us for ever close the "Journals and Correspondence of Lady Eastlake." It is melancholy to think that an intelligence so restricted, a pen so unqualified, should have been able to stick a dagger in the heart of a genius so sensitive as that which enformed the slender frame of Charlotte Brontë.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX. A Biography. By P. Hume Brown, Author of "The Life of George Buchanan." In 2 vols. London: A. & C. Black.

JOHN KNOX. By Florence A. Maccunn. London: Methuen & Co.

THESE two books on Knox—though it is hardly fair to bracket them together—are most timely. They have this in common—that they both try to do justice to the reformer. Mrs. Maccunn is earnest, full of enthusiasm, thoroughly persuaded in her own mind, though the mind is not always at one with itself. She is rather too fond of adjectives, likes to indulge in large and absolute judgments, and is not always correct in the details of her knowledge. She

has worked seriously at her subject, and seems to have a genuine admiration for the man and his work; but it were scarcely just to say that all her knowledge is first-hand, or that she sees everything in the pure light of reason. Yet the book is bright, vivid, interesting, with a distinct flavour of its own.

Mr. Hume Brown's book is on a larger scale; the fruit of longer and more skilled study of the original sources, it is distinguished throughout by much critical acumen, sympathetic insight, and constructive power. It is certainly the best and completest book on Knox since the memorable work of McCrie. It is now eighty-four years since the last-named was published, and it has not been, nor is it even yet, superseded. Mr. Brown well says in his preface that McCrie's biography "must remain one of the standard books in the language." It was written under great difficulties, for the necessary materials were then little accessible, and the interest in the reformer was as low as it well could be; but what gave character to the book was the striking affinity between the writer and his subject. McCrie was in many respects a remarkable man. Born almost within sight of Nine Wells, the paternal home of David Hume, and divided only by the ridge of the Lammermoors from the birthplace of Knox, he was as strongly alien to the historian as he was akin to the reformer. Like Knox, he was a son of the people; and, like him, he had an intensity and elevation of Nature that set him among princes. He was a man rigorous in his convictions, inflexible in his spirit, the greatest of the anti-burghers, ready to be a martyr and to suffer the spoiling of his goods for a principle that others might think insignificant but he conceived as fundamental. Yet such was his integrity and intrinsic veracity of nature, that he was in his history wonderfully just. Even the judicious Hallam commended his work in fields where McCrie was less a master than in the Scottish Reformation for its "perspicuous brevity" and the "collected light" which it threw "upon subjects interesting and little familiar"; and it ought to be remembered that his review of Scott's treatment of the Covenanters in "Old Mortality" is one of the classics of literary and historical criticism. We say this the more cordially as Mr. Brown seldom misses an opportunity of indicating the errors—mainly in matters of unimportant detail—into which he fell; and we do not always remember that since McCrie's day the materials necessary to the history have been so sifted, sorted, published, catalogued, and used as to make the biographer's task relatively simple and truth comparatively easy of attainment. Foremost among these materials we may reckon the works of Knox himself, published under the editorship of the late David Laing, whose erudition illuminated every point it touched, making the literature and the men of the period much more intelligible to us. But hardly less important are the new materials as to the English and foreign influences which did so much to shape Knox's mind and ideals, which we owe to the independent yet complementary action of many learned societies and editors, both at home and abroad. We have, too, had many books on a question which is ever with us—that concerning Mary Stuart; to say nothing of the histories of Patrick Fraser Tytler, Hill Burton, and Mr. Froude, which have all tended to make the path of the inquirer, if still thorny, certainly less laborious. These and many other sources, primary and secondary, Mr. Hume Brown has diligently used, and the result is an excellent book, dispassionate, impartial, well-written, with here and there a flavour of quaintness and an occasional lapse into Scotticisms, making perhaps the book all the more characteristic. It is a biography, but it is much more. It is a history of the times, especially in Scotland, yet also of the relation the movement for reform at home had to similar movements abroad. We are made to see how the political, the social, the ethical, the religious, and the intellectual all interworked, conditioning and qualifying each other. The result is that Knox moves on a large field and before a complex and crowded background; yet he still so remains the central figure as to give unity and meaning to the picture as a whole. This biography has made it the more possible to be just to Knox, because it has made both him and the movement of which he was the main factor more concrete and intelligible, less a creation of arbitrary will, and more the product of historical forces and laws.

One of the most interesting results of Mr. Brown's wider view is the relation in which he places Knox to the movements on the Continent, as well as at home. His treatment of Knox's relation to John à Lasco, especially as regards its effects on the Book of Discipline, is singularly illuminative. He might, perhaps, have brought out at once the dependence and independence of Knox by a careful analysis of the differences in their respective positions and functions. À Lasco's political theory grew essentially out of his circumstances. He was a wanderer. As he pathetically said of himself, "By the grace of God I forsook my fatherland and my friends, among whom I could not live as the servant of Christ; now will I be in a strange land the servant of my poor and crucified Lord." He elaborated his polity as a system under which a society that had no country save heaven and no head save Christ could obediently and virtuously live. Knox accepted some of the main points in this polity, but adapted them to local conditions. He made, as it were, an absolute polity, designed for a homeless people, into the polity of his own homeland. His genius was seen in his making national what had been elaborated in independence of nationality. Mr. Brown seems to us less happy in his handling of Knox's relation to Calvin and Geneva; indeed, the least satisfactory part of the book is where it touches theology and its history. Thus his conception of the part played by Predestination in Calvinism seems to us to rest on insufficient inquiry. He says that this doctrine had "in the earlier editions of the Institutes no such importance assigned to it" as in the later. But what is the fact? In the first edition (1536) it has virtually no place; but in the second edition (1539) its place is almost exactly the same as in that of 1559. Castellio, too, has rather less attention given him—if he was to be noticed at all—than he deserves; and the quality of mind that divided him from Calvin is ignored for the doctrinal differences which were only its expression. It was on questions of sacred criticism and exegesis that they first parted. Castellio was not so much a theologian as a humanist, a man whose foible was classicism and whose ambition it was to find for the rude simplicities of Scripture a more elegant and literary guise.

We may indeed say, in general, that Mr. Brown's attitude is one of imperfect sympathy with the theological side of Knox's mind, and this we may add means a very considerable measure of misunderstanding and injustice. Thus he speaks of him as "essentially a schoolman himself," and again "he was to all intents and purposes a schoolman by his modes of thought and intellectual interests." But this is a very superficial view. Scholasticism is essentially the supremacy of logic, the reign of the school over and within the sphere of faith. Now, while Knox was as far as possible from being a son of the Renaissance, he yet could be more truly described as a humanist than as a schoolman, for he could not have been what he was without humanism. The most characteristic thing about him was not the dominance of the intellect over belief, or the reduction of faith to a rational system defined and defended by logical methods; but it was the dominance of the conscience over intellectual formulæ—*i.e.* the application of his beliefs to the whole range of society and life whether in the Church or the State. He was in one respect the most logical of men, but his logic was exercised in the region of action; his scholasticism, if we may so speak, was not an affair of the school,

but of the senate; not of the cloister, but of the kingdom; not of the disciplined student, but of the people who needed discipline. The significant thing, then, about Knox is not, as with the schoolmen, the reasons for his beliefs, but their action upon him and his action upon them and through them—in other words, the practical work he made them do. He was a man whose ideals were not things of speculation, but matters for realisation. His "City of God" was no Platonic dream or Augustinian apologetic. It was a reality; a thing to be built up by human hands on the solid earth; but the hands were guided of God, and the structure was often His design. Knox was thus, throughout less a schoolman than a statesman, whose ideals were all the larger that they were logical. His passion was to make the life that now is as full of the divine as if it were the life to come. His ruling interests were thus ethical, political, and religious. He was a man not only of extraordinary intensity, but of still more extraordinary veracity. He was in the fullest possible sense an honest man. If we may distinguish, we may say that many sincere men are not honest, though all honest men must be sincere. The sincere man may maintain his convictions by refusing to look an unwelcome or unfriendly truth in the face; or he may preserve his beliefs as a kind of esoteric ideal world by refusing to bring them into collision with actual affairs; but an honest man must face, frankly and squarely, the system he opposes, and apply rigorously and courageously the principles he holds. In this sense Knox was at once sincere and honest, and this was the secret of his immense power and the extraordinary insight that he displayed; for the sincere man may refuse to cultivate the open eye, while the honest man without it would lose his honesty. From Mr. Brown's book we can see that Knox was no mere fanatic or one-idea'd enthusiast. He was a man of strong hatreds, but of still stronger attachments; all his attachments, however, being subordinated to his love of what he conceived to be the truth of God. The fanatic is a man who sees only one thing, and sees even it only under a single aspect; all is to him unreal save the thing he sees. But Knox did not see men as trees walking; he saw them as they were. And he was never satisfied with mere agreement in his methods and aims. The truth could only be to him truly served by the true man. And here was one of his most characteristic qualities—the ethical passion that was the motive force of all his policies. We feel it on every page of this book; it lives in even the driest of the discussions, in his least attractive works. What he hated in the system he opposed was its connivance with evil. We here see how what Mr. Brown terms "the Ancient Church" fell a victim to its ethical inefficiency, and with Knox reformation was the necessary corrective. Religion was to him no speculation, no abstract doctrine, no mere formulated creed. It was an imperative law for the government of life, individual and collective; and so Presbytery in his hands became a stern discipline, too severe to wink at sin, so unbending as often to mistake human weakness for human guilt.

This is the point from which Knox must be construed if his work is to be understood.

(To be concluded.)

THE MEMOIRS OF COUNT DE SÉGUR.

AN AIDE-DE-CAMP OF NAPOLEON: MEMOIRS OF GENERAL COUNT DE SÉGUR. New Edition. Published by authority of his Grandson, Count Louis de Ségur. Translated by H. A. Patchett Martin. London: Hutchinson & Co.

THE great work of Count de Ségur, which appeared after his death in 1873, was divided into two parts—a history of the times of Napoleon, and the personal reminiscences of his aide-de-camp. The latter and the more interesting portion is now published in the form of a translation. Count de Ségur, whose grandfather was a War Minister of Louis XVI., and whose father narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Committee of Public Safety for his efforts to save the king, fell early under the spell of Napoleon. Family traditions and recent persecutions combined to inculcate detestation of the Revolution. "Each day brought us news of the agony of the sweetest, the most beautiful, and inoffensive of women, even of children and venerable old men. . . . There were our relatives, our connections, and a thousand others." But the war fever was in the air, and the mind of young de Ségur caught the infection. Gazing through the railings of the Tuileries when Napoleon was haranguing the garrison of Paris in order to employ it against the Directory, the boy of nineteen saw a regiment of dragoons marching

with their cloaks rolled around them, their helmets on their heads, sword in hand, with that warlike exaltation, that proud determined air which soldiers wear when they approach the enemy. . . . I had found my vocation; from that moment I was a soldier.

Enlisted in the army of the Revolution, he called down upon himself a noble rebuke from his grandfather the old Marshal:

You have been guilty of disrespect to all the traditions of your ancestors. . . . You have of your own free will enlisted in the Republican army. Serve it frankly and loyally. You have made your choice, and it is out of your power to go back.

Misgivings still remained to be dispelled by contact with the army in the field, and at Trente the conversion of the Royalist was completed.

It was then that I understood the Revolution. . . . In the midst of this plebeian army, so justly proud of itself, I was able to gauge the folly of Royalist and, above all, of aristocratic pertinacity. . . . From that moment I accepted the Revolution as an accomplished fact, founded on right, demanding our adherence as a matter of good sense and equity, in the best interests of our country and even those of the old nobility.

De Ségur did not stand alone. It is a chapter in the social history of France that he reveals to us. Once established in the personal service of the First Consul, an intensely interesting career opened itself. The dark story of the execution of the Duc d'Enghien is told in detail by the aide-de-camp, who was present at Malmaison. Réal's belated mission is ascribed to Napoleon's wavering.

On the eve of the fatal deed, which had been but too truly commanded by him in the first instance, the First Consul fell back into a state of indecision.

Ultimately, the counsels of Joseph Bonaparte prevailed, and Réal was despatched. To Josephine, who

cried out in horror, "Alas! my friend, what have you done?" Napoleon replied, "The wretches were too quick," and, on the other hand, when alone with Joseph, he allowed himself to indulge in a furious burst of anger against Réal, whom he unjustly accused, on account of his revolutionary antecedents, of having purposely delayed. Then, recovering himself, he said to his brother, "After all, we must make the best of things."

De Ségur significantly sums the reflections of the members of Napoleon's *entourage*, whose faith was sorely tried by "this political crime."

His hitherto unsullied rectitude of conduct had, it is true, suffered a lapse; he had slipped away from us, but that was all the more reason why we should strengthen our grip, and endeavour to regain the ground that had been lost. If he played us false again, we could then take counsel together as to our future course.

The abortive plots against Napoleon's life, which, we are characteristically assured, were planned by the British Government, "made him Emperor, even before the sentence on the conspirators had been pronounced, and in spite of the murder of Vincennes." The project for the invasion of England at once followed, and de Ségur's account of the preparations reveals the curious alternation of Napoleon's hopes and fears. On his arrival at Boulogne, on the 3rd of August, he appeared to have no misgivings, but on the following day he remarked:—

"This invasion is by no means a certainty. After Campo-Formio I would have asked the Directorate for 26 millions of money, 36 vessels, and 36,000 men, and the conquest of England would have been a certainty. I should not have hesitated a moment. But it is quite another thing now; I cannot risk matters in that way; I have become too important a person." Then, in a more sanguine mood, he added, "The knell of England has sounded. . . . The English are masters of the universe. We can, in a night, put them back in their places."

To de Ségur the tremendous enterprise appeared to turn entirely upon the arrival in the Channel of Villeneuve's fleet, laboriously collected by relieving the blockades of half a dozen ports, and Napoleon doubtless sought to encourage this illusion. Later it became possible to throw the entire blame of the failure upon the unhappy admiral. "The nature of his plan," said Napoleon, "was so good that, in spite of all kinds of obstacles, every chance was in his favour." There were, however, three plans, each clever and far-reaching, but each depending upon the fulfilment of many conditions. We, with the knowledge which the generals of the army of invasion did not possess, find it difficult to understand how success could have been achieved. At the best a portion of the army—deficient in supplies, transport, and horses—might have been thrown on shore. Its communications would then have been hopelessly cut, at the moment when hard fighting was inevitable. What wonder that as far back as April, 1805, Napoleon felt misgivings; and his violent outburst of the 13th August may have been partly simulated.

"Do you know where that —— fool of a Villeneuve is now? He is at Ferrol. Do you know what that means—at Ferrol? Ah, you do not know? He has been beaten; he has gone to hide himself at Ferrol. That is the end of it; he will be blocked up there. What a navy! What an admiral! What useless sacrifices!"

After the triumph of Ulm, the French were for the first time brought into contact with the Russian troops. Here is de Ségur's pithy estimate of the people with whom he spent months as a prisoner:—

They are a self-contained nation, selfish through ignorance and superstition, keenly sensitive as to their still superficial civilisation. . . . Their chiefs possess the instinct of war, and are eager, prompt, and resolute, while the blind, obstinate tenacity of the soldier is never wanting to his generals.

The following incident is curious in the light of subsequent events. When at Lintz, Thiard, who had been discussing the rumour of a Bavarian marriage for Prince Eugène, told Napoleon that the Prince de Lichtenstein had asked—

"'Why should you stop there? Vienna has other marriageable princesses, and could not peace be sealed by another marriage?" Upon which Napoleon exclaimed impetuously: "An Austrian princess! Ah, no, never—France would be revolted at such an idea; it would recall Marie Antoinette."

Austerlitz and Jena contribute interesting pages to these fascinating memoirs, and the story of de Ségur's captivity in Russia is admirably told. Everywhere we meet wise reflections showing the statesmanlike mind of the author. What could be better than this brief summary of the relations between the French and Spaniards in 1808:—

The difference of habits, of language, of character, the constraint of military life, the national pride in revolt at this invasion under the form of an alliance, and whose aim was becoming more and more suspected—all separated us. As for religious observances, as we had no orders in that respect and made no profession, this fervent Catholic land of Spain must have thought that we had no religion at all; so that what might have been at any rate a common tie between the two nations became an additional obstacle to their mutual approach.

The sterling value of these excellent memoirs is due to exceptional qualities of the author. Possessing a powerful independent judgment, never dazzled by the personality of his great master, and an accomplished writer, bringing the philosophical quality to bear upon his experience of men and events, de Ségur has furnished us with an insight into the character of Napoleon elsewhere unattainable. In certain respects that character, as here presented, differs widely from the popular estimate.

SPECULATIVE ARCHÆOLOGY.

PAGAN IRELAND: AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SKETCH. By W. G. Wood-Martin. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

IRELAND is the treasure-isle of Europe as regards Celtic antiquities. If its Government were at all in touch with the nation, its unique Celtic museum would have been trebled, and its locked literary monuments published. German and other scholars have worked at the latter with devotion, the former has been created largely by voluntary effort. There has been a revival of zeal in this field, as well as in that of literature. The Royal Society of Antiquaries has been labouring steadily, and other societies have arisen to explore different localities north and south. Facts have accumulated, so that there was room for a new work dealing with the subject, and the author of the book before us had done good service in collecting materials. It is one thing to collect, but another to combine or construct. Had he sought out plain facts, and set one on another in whatever order pleased his fancy, he had raised an edifice for which one would be thankful. Unfortunately, this was not his plan, and his is a work on archæology "with a purpose." This involves that facts shall be trimmed to suit his plan, chinks filled in with rubble of worthless evidence, and all cemented by unsound theories. It is, indeed, amusing to observe that whilst constantly demurring to speculations he is continually producing them.

The much-misunderstood term "evolution" has a good deal to answer for. Formerly, strong men lived before Agamemnon, now we know better. We are at the apex, and every step back is a step down. Once we accept this premiss, the rest is simple. The earliest inhabitant of our islands (being most remote from us) was the lowest of savages. His teeth, ground down, testify to a vegetable diet, but his remoteness requires that he should be a cannibal—so, a cannibal he shall be. Fashions change in the sciences and the pseudo-sciences. Recently the romantic Sun-myth was all the vogue, and many adhere to it; at least it enlivened the imagination. Others, however, discard ideals, and are would-be realists. They hunt on the trail of the Anthropophagi, and are discontented if they do not demonstrate that the progenitors of civilised Europe were cannibals. They form a Carnivorist school. The Carnivorist sees red; simple social incidents assume a gory hue. Wakes, for instance, are "fragmentary relics of cannibalistic feasts." The Hebrews, it is true, held wakes and had wailing women, and were never noted for anthropophagy. But observe how the train of reasoning whirls its author along:—

The custom still surviving in Irish wakes of partaking of food, drink, salt, tobacco, or snuff in the presence of the dead seems to be an amended form of consuming such things after they had been placed upon or near the corpse or coffin, and this in its turn seems to imply that the recipients would have transmitted to them some of the qualities of the dead man; so that we have in the modern usage a fragmentary relic of the savage feast, when the real body of the deceased was consumed.

This is so convincing and so facile that one is tempted to proceed in a similar strain:—"The custom still surviving of holding society functions and balls betrays a reminiscence of the cannibal corroborees; the act of painting the body (still partially preserved by the more conservative sex) is represented in males by a special suit (still dyed with woad, and curiously called 'war-paint' by some). The plumes of the 'braves' of the tribe now decorate the chaperons, emblems of courage and determination to fight for their charges. It is obvious that when a gentleman removes his hat to a lady the act recalls the process of scalp-taking and symbolises his willingness to be her victim." We must confess that this has not the daring of the theory which sees cannibalism in a smoke of tobacco.

Witnesses are treated in a similar liberal manner. There are two classes of them: first, those who never saw place nor people, and who repeat rumours

of rumours; second, those who saw and stated what they saw. Of course, a Carnivorist placidly accepts the former because they speak of far-off cannibals (and sometimes of misshapen monsters). But then, it may be said, the author can quote St. Jerome to prove that the ancient inhabitants of these islands ate human flesh. This his only evidence we must cite: "The Saint seems not to love the Scoti (*i.e.* Irish), and in his eyes the eating of stirabout is on a par with the eating of human flesh, which he describes in these emphatic words: 'What shall I say of other nations when I myself, when a youth in Gaul, saw the Scoti, a race of Britons, eating human flesh?'" What were the Irish Scots doing in the forests of Gaul? No; St. Jerome did not write that, but this: "Cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia *Atticotos*, gentem Britannicam, humanis vescere carnibus," etc. These Atticots were men who had revolted against the Scoti, who had taken service under the Roman eagles, and who had been drafted to Gaul. The wild men of the woods in question were probably deserters from the Roman troops—outlawed criminals at this time of crash. The statement could not apply to the Atticots in the Roman service without making Rome their accomplice. But the assertion that St. Jerome did not love the Irish Scots should have had a cause assigned. Why, then, was it? Because he was a sensitive author, and an Irishman had published a criticism of the Commentaries! Jerome retorted on the insular critic that he was stuffed with Scottish stirabout — he would have said brutalised by Scottish blood had the Scoti been cannibals. The author insists that cannibals have the same tastes now as then; but how few cannibals, in these days, take a genuine interest in literature, contribute to the reviews, or even carp at a Primate's pastorals!

This Carnivorist theory does serious harm to the book, because it leads the author to depreciate the evidences of ancient civilisation in the country, and the labours of those who helped to demonstrate them. He challenges the production of pompous epitaphs, ruins of temples, and of cities; whilst he ignores the Brehon code, than which no evidence could be more convincing. He appears, however, to possess a genuine ignorance of Celtic scholarship, and thus omits from his folk-lore list the names of Dr. Hyde, Mr. Larminie, Mr. Curtin, and Mr. Nutt. When reading Dr. W. K. Sullivan's "Introduction" to O'Curry's work, one seems advancing along a military road, scientifically built, fenced, and fortified with the utmost skill. With Mr. Wood-Martin, you step from tussock to tussock with perilous pools around. But the work represents honest effort, it contains a great mass of most interesting information, and its illustrations alone would suffice to make it valuable. The author deserves much praise for his energy and care, and we trust he will yet sift out the clay and leave us the gold alone.

A JOURNALIST'S REMINISCENCES.

PLATFORM, PRESS, POLITICS, AND PLAY. By T. H. S. Escott. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

THERE is only one thing which at all seriously mars our pleasure in the agreeable and fluent volume of reminiscences which Mr. T. H. S. Escott has just published, and that is the extraordinary trouble which Mr. Escott takes to avoid the suspicion of tautology. If we had followed his own manner of writing, we should, in place of mentioning his name a second time in the paragraph just set down, have spoken of him allusively as "the *Fortnightly's* erstwhile editor." There are about ten synonyms for "death" in the fifty lines of the introductory chapter, in which Mr. Escott briefly runs through the eminent men of his acquaintance who have died during the past ten years. One "passed away," another "joined the majority," another "suddenly felt the mortal pangs of the malady which carried off his father just half a century before," another "went into the silent land," another had "his light extinguished," another "preceded Lord Tennyson to the tomb by about a year," another "disappeared," another "said adieu to the children of men," another, a duke, "joined his predecessors in the title." This curious antipathy to repeating a word leads Mr. Escott into the most puzzling circumlocutions about common names and common things. He is always playing hide-and-seek with you, and, style apart, the reader grows annoyed at having to read backwards and forwards to catch his meaning. For who at a first glance would spy Lord Salisbury in the "Tory but theologically Gladstonian nobleman," or the late Archbishop Magee in the "*ci-devant* pastor of the Octagon Chapel, the *feu* Dean of Cork," or Balliol as the "College of Tait"? How odd, again, to speak of a man as the "shrewd Aberdonian's executive *adlatus*," when the meaning is that he was assistant to an editor who was a native of Aberdeen; and how can one be expected to know who "*Fun's* future editor" was? (Mr. Escott, by the way, will insist on using this possessive form of the genitive on all occasions: the "*Standard's* editor," the "*Globe's* contributor," etc.) But perhaps a sentence or two at random will show best where this method of writing leads:—

> The Disraelian description of the Premier's partner in the coming "Peace with Honour" campaign created a sensation at the time, and was probably felt by Mr. Disraeli himself to be a little strong.

The Premier and Mr. Disraeli are, of course, one and the same person; the "Premier's partner, etc.," is Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Escott is speaking of the famous occasion when Disraeli spoke of Lord Salisbury as the "master of flouts and jeers," but he must needs find a synonym, leap forward four years, and drag in "Peace with Honour." Again, take this sentence about his own education:—

> That earlier boyhood's education, which was finished on the Avon at Bath, soon had its *venue* changed from Minehead on the Bristol Channel, to Budleigh Salterton on the South Devon coast.

Is it not a most curious way of expressing a very simple thing? We have devoted thus much space to these remarks on Mr. Escott's style, simply because there is in this book a great deal else which is written simply, directly, and incisively, and which is likely to get less than its due from the reader on account of these occasional defects. The truth is, that Mr. Escott has been away from work for about ten years, and that, returning to it without realising the change that has taken place in the interval, he lapses now and again into a journalistic style that was approved in the 'seventies, but is now happily out of fashion. He has still so much of the vigour and facility which made him a reputation in those days that, if he can only adjust himself to these times, he will find himself a place not less secure than formerly.

Mr. Escott's reminiscences range over a great many people of varying degrees of eminence and lack of it. The earlier chapters are specially meant for and will be specially interesting to West-Englanders. The three chapters on Oxford are lively, and have the merit of being written, as such things rarely are, from the undergraduate's point of view. Mr. Escott, for instance, gives us a picture of Jowett which is much nearer the truth as the undergraduate recalls it than the pictures recently given us by friends who knew him in another connection.

> The transparently Socratic system of his conversation could be rather appalling to the uninitiated. The questions that he was fond of putting were not in themselves specially terrible or perplexing, but the judicial air of the interrogant; the conviction that one might irretrievably commit or even disgrace one's self by a reply to the most apparently simple inquiry; and the terse, dry commentary coming from the interlocutor on these answers constituted an ordeal which it required experience and education, as well as constitutional courage, even to face without discomfort or awe.

In reality, perhaps, no one attached less importance to the blundering answer of some timid young man; nevertheless, it was very difficult for the young man to get rid of the feeling that the most terrible issues hung on the lightest word when in Jowett's presence. As to whether Jowett produced this impression unconsciously, or whether he studied it as part of the necessary business of one in authority, opinions differ. He certainly was at no pains to explain himself away. Mr. Escott has many stories, new and old, to tell us of journalists and statesmen in the 'sixties and 'seventies, for which the reader should in fairness go to the book itself. But we cannot refrain from recording Lord Palmerston's reply to a strait-laced lady who had remonstrated with him on his gallantry. "Such conduct," she said, "is immoral, ungentlemanly, and, besides, can never succeed," to which Lord Palmerston replied:—

"As regards its being ungentlemanly, that is a question of taste. As regards religion, the point is one on which the practice of the Churches differs. But as to its being unsuccessful, I assure your ladyship you are totally misinformed, for it never fails."

It reads like Mr. Carter in "The Dolly Dialogues." The story was Abraham Hayward's, who, no doubt, handed it on better than he received it. There is one good thing, by the way, told in this volume of Hayward himself which is eminently Haywardesque. "There is no objection," he once said, "to a single story during dinner, provided it is kept very short; but the funny story-tellers of to-day always remind me of Sandford and Merton."

One disappointment awaited us in Mr. Escott's gossip about newspapers. We came to a chapter about Mr. Greenwood and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in the summary of its contents found "how the Suez Canal shares were purchased." This raised a lively curiosity, and we read the chapter backwards and forwards, but without discovering a word about the Suez Canal. Did Mr. Escott write it and repent of it? We confess we have no great faith in Mr. Escott's chief point of contrast between the old journalism and the new. Fleet Street, he tells us, has become a whispering gallery. The old journalist was but a stop in the great organ, and made it a point of honour never to say when he had been put on or what he had done. The new journalist chatters of himself and his articles without reserve or shame. Things, we imagine, are very much what they were in that respect. Considering the ease with which the great deeds of the old journalists were ascertained and recorded, we cannot believe them to have been wholly reticent. Indeed, as they were more clubable and more tavernable, they seem to have known more of each other's doings than their successors know of their colleagues in these days. The anonymity of journalists is still sufficiently effective against the public at large, and it is comparatively unimportant whether the names of a few writers are whispered in Fleet Street.

TARTAR HISTORY.

A Thousand Years of the Tartars. By E. H. Parker, H.B.M. Consul, Kiungchow. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

This book treats of the history of the nomad tribes which surged along the northern and north-western frontier of China for a thousand years, beginning about B.C. 200. The aim has been to condense and set forth "in readable form" all that the Chinese historians have said on the subject. To the author "the history of the Far East is as interesting as that of the Far West. It only requires to be able to read it." This volume would have been much more readable if an index had been supplied, and if headings or marginal notes had been inserted to indicate the subject-matter of the pages. There is frequent allusion to persons and events described in earlier chapters, but, beyond such phrases as "above described," or "it will be remembered," the reader gets no help in hunting up the passages referred to. The author writes in an easy style, which is not disagreeable where the subject-matter is susceptible of easy treatment, but the pages often bristle with proper names given both in Tartar and in Chinese form (the latter in the margin), and the reader is sometimes required to go into details which seem unnecessary to the progress of the narrative. Genealogies and family relationships are often puzzling, and Mr. Parker sometimes makes them needlessly so by his manner of stating them. Thus, on page 86, concerning a certain chief there is this circumlocution: "It is not clear whose son he was on his mother's side, but he was not the sixth son of the two sisters." Another objectionable feature is the frequent interruption of the narrative by the introduction of elucidatory but extraneous matter which should have been relegated to the position of foot-notes.

Apart from these defects or blemishes, however, this history is exceedingly interesting, not only as containing a record of the vicissitudes experienced by the Tartar hordes, but also as illustrative of Chinese methods, military and diplomatic, in those ancient times. The work is divided into seven books, treating of the various Tartar tribes which successively rose into importance. While marking off the different races according to indications which he states or discusses, the author gives a preliminary warning as to the value of such distinctions. To show how utterly impossible it is to provide a definite locality for or to clothe with an exclusive nationality any particular horde, he says:

"The result of a great battle was that many of the women passed over to new masters; the captive youths became warriors, usually under their own chiefs, but subject to the supreme control of the conqueror; the old men were turned out to tend flocks and herds, and the flocks and herds simply changed masters for a few years until another revolution occurred. Slave and master lived in much the same way, the only difference being that one did the menial work whilst the other enjoyed himself; meanwhile, the women, habituated to the idea of passing from one man to the other even in their own tribes, only had to undergo the rough excitement of an extra embrace from a man who was not of their own particular choice. Under such circumstances, though the main distinctions . . . are always preserved, it is not to be wondered at that languages get intermingled, tribes hopelessly mixed up, and customs interchanged."

Perhaps the most interesting portions of the book are those in which the manners and customs of the Tartar races are depicted. The primitive institutions of these peoples have, of course, a general resemblance to one another, but Mr. Parker brings out distinctly many points wherein they differ. Of all the Tartars of whom he treats, the most capable and progressive people seems to have been the Sien-pi, who became powerful towards the end of the second century of our era. Among them, as among other Tartar races, ancestry and kinship were traced through the mother. Their widows were not left in widowhood, but became the wives of the sons (by other wives) or brothers of the deceased husband. Marriages were by capture, subsequent to clandestine intercourse. The house and outfit belonged to the wife, "hence," says the author, inverting the order of things, "the custom of counting genealogies on the mother's side." These barbarians had no calendar, but watched the birds and beasts in order to time themselves to the seasons. They made a sort of small beer and fermented spirits. Their notions concerning the dead were those of primitive peoples both in the East and the West. After death lamentations were made, but singing and dancing took place at the funeral. "On the day of the funeral the relations and intimates assemble at night time and sit in a circle. The dogs and horses (of the deceased) are led past the seated people, whilst one or two of the weepers or singers throw food to them, and two men pronounce an incantation, so that the soul may pass, unmolested by ghouls, to the Red Mountain; then horses, dogs, and clothes are burnt."

Of this people "the chiefs were not hereditary, but were chosen for their martial, judicial, and administrative qualities. Each community of a few hundred tents had its own petty chieftain, and, in the usual condition of things, there were rivalries, quarrels, raidings, murders and general confusion. The strong man who welded the people together was Darjegwe (in Chinese, T'an-shih-hwai), who from early years had been distinguished by deeds of prowess. He established his headquarters in the north of the modern Chinese province of Shan Si, and from all sides multitudes flocked to his standard. He overthrew all the hostile tribes on the north, east, and west, and reigned over a tract of country extending "over 4,000 miles from east to west, and rather more than half that from north to south." For such a warrior it was an easy diversion to pillage the settled and peaceful population of China. The rulers of the Empire became alarmed, and tried by diplomacy and cajolery to pacify Darjegwe. They offered him honours, a seal and ribbon, and the rank of a prince, but to these distinctions the Tartar chief was totally indifferent, and went on consolidating his power while he plundered the Chinese without mercy. The great expedition which they sent against him met with disaster, but, fortunately for the Imperial rulers, Darjegwe died in the prime of manhood, and his successors were not men of his ability. In succeeding centuries, however, various branches of the Sien-pi rose to power in China. The chiefs of one tribe became kings of Western T'sin, and reigned for forty-six years. The chief of another tribe became the founder of the short-lived Yen dynasty; while of a third tribe one chief, distinguished for military services, was made prince of Tai, and his grandson became the first actual emperor of the dynasty of Northern Wei (386–535). The Tartar tribesmen adopted the Chinese language and dress, and under this Tartar dynasty there was great activity both in military and civil administration.

The author frequently has occasion to point out mistakes into which Gibbon was led by the French translators whom he took as his guides in Tartar history. The questions involved have been threshed out by other writers, but it is right that errors in a work which is still authoritative should be corrected afresh.

FICTION.

CASA BRACCIO. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE RED COCKADE. By Stanley Weyman. In 1 vol. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S novels are often dramatic, and sometimes contain a tragic note; but it is seldom that tragedy is the main theme. In "Casa Braccio," departing from his usual custom, Mr. Crawford has told us a story that is pure tragedy from beginning to end. It is somewhat curious that he should have given this character to a tale which is the connecting link between his Roman and his American romances. Everybody who has read the latter will remember the eccentric Walter Crowdie, who cuts so strange a figure amid the shrewd business-like New Englanders, and who dies so tragically. Most readers also will remember the taciturn and mysterious Paul Griggs, who entertains so inexplicable an affection for Crowdie. "Casa Braccio" furnishes us with the solution of that mystery, and tells us the tragic history of Paul Griggs himself. The story opens delightfully in the little town of Subiaco, nestling among the Samnite Mountains, and separated from Rome by a dozen miles of the open *campagna*. Here, in a convent to which she has been doomed from her birth, lives the Princess Maria Braccio—in religion, Sister Maria Addolorata—the daughter of one of the greatest of the Roman houses, between which and the convent at Subiaco there was an hereditary connection. And here the beautiful nun, who has no vocation for the religious life, and sighs over the recollection of the world from which she has just been torn, is wooed and won by a young Scotch doctor whom chance has brought to the convent. It is a daring plot which Mr. Crawford unfolds, but he manages it with extraordinary skill, and gives us a tale the most startling scenes in which wear an air of probability. So well, indeed, does he manage the scheme by which Angus Dalrymple is enabled to elope with the Princess Braccio, and turn her from a nun into a lawful wife, that the family of the princess are left in utter ignorance of the sacrilege of which the girl has been guilty, and live and die in the full belief that she perished by an accident on the day on which, as it happened, she was flying with the lover of whose existence they had never heard. This episode of the nun and her Scotch husband is merely the prologue to the story, but it contains some of the best work Mr. Crawford has ever produced, and is likely to make an abiding impression upon the reader. When the curtain rises again, Angus Dalrymple's wife is dead, having left him with a single child, a daughter, in whose character the mother's passionate waywardness seems to be exaggerated. Led by an impulse that he cannot resist, Dalrymple brings the girl to Rome, and establishes himself with her there, almost under the walls of the palace where her mother spent her childhood and within an easy distance of the convent from which she had fled. It is audacious on the part of the Scotchman to return to Rome; for though no living creature knows that he had eloped with Maria Addolorata, or that the lady had not been accidentally burnt in her bed at the convent, there is at Subiaco an old innkeeper who believes that Dalrymple was the seducer of his daughter—that she, in fact, was the woman who fled with him when he left Italy—and who had vowed to pay him in full for his fancied misdeeds. But for a time nothing untoward happens either to Dalrymple or his daughter. They live in Rome in the circle of foreign Bohemians, their most intimate friend being Paul Griggs, the Italianised American. Griggs is in love with the girl, but he is miserably poor, and too unselfish to wish to drag her down to his own estate. So when she marries the famous painter, Reanda, he simply goes away from Rome to hide his grief. As for old Dalrymple, his daughter's marriage is a real relief to him. Now he can leave the girl in good care, in her mother's native land, and return to his own home in the North. So the beautiful Gloria Dalrymple finds herself left with the Italian artist, to whom she had been attracted by his genius and his fame rather than by his intrinsic qualities; and by-and-by she develops a jealousy of her husband which is not quite without justification, for Reanda is the devoted servant and slave of another Braccio princess, a young widow with an old palace of her own, which the artist is engaged in decorating with frescoes that are to add to the glory of modern Rome. This lady, Donna Francesca by name, belongs to the loftiest type of Roman womanhood. She is the friend and patron of Reanda, delighting in his society, and only discovering when it is too late that she loves him. Gloria makes the discovery long before she does, and at the same time discovers something still more bitter—that she has lost the love of her husband. For a time she fights against her wayward impulses and outraged pride and love—fights against them until there is no possible room for doubt as to the fact that Reanda is cold to her. Then, like many another outraged woman, she thinks of the humble, faithful lover who still worships her from afar; and one stormy evening, when Reanda is at the palace with Donna Francesca, she makes her way to the poverty-stricken apartment of Paul Griggs, and insists, despite his unselfish protests, upon remaining there. Her husband throws her off with contempt; but though Griggs loves her with all his heart, and is absolutely devoted to her, she soon turns back to the memory of Reanda. Even the birth of a son—

the Walter Crowdie of the American tales—does not turn her heart towards its father. We shall not pursue the story further. The ending is as tragical as the stormy dawn portended. Many lives are lost in misery, and the fruit of the sacrilegious union at Subiaco is dust and ashes and death to not a few. But Mr. Crawford tells his tale and teaches his lesson without obtruding himself as a moralist upon the reader; and in this matter he sets an example which some other distinguished novelists would do well to follow. Upon the whole, "Casa Braccio," though less pleasant than some of its author's previous works, must be pronounced as powerful as anything he has yet written.

Mr. Stanley Weyman's story, "The Red Cockade," deals with a later period in French history than any of his previous works. It is with the opening scenes of the French Revolution, and with the abortive attempt of the clericals and the aristocrats who had not fled to raise a counter-movement, that we have to do in "The Red Cockade." Perhaps it is because we are here treading familiar ground; perhaps because Mr. Weyman himself has not drunk so completely of the spirit of the Revolution as he has of other epochs of French history; but whatever the reason may be, we must confess that "The Red Cockade" does not move us as some of the author's works have done. It is bright and varied, full of incident and excitement, together with admirable character-painting, and the ingenuity with which the hero is carried through successive dilemmas, each apparently more serious than the preceding one, is just as great as ever. It would be ungrateful in these circumstances to say a single word in disparagement of "The Red Cockade" as a novel. It is only by comparison with some of the genuine masterpieces for which we are already indebted to Mr. Weyman that it suffers. Viewed without regard to such a book as "A Gentleman of France," we can pronounce it a novel of remarkable interest, which throws fresh light upon a memorable period in history, and makes the tragical scenes of a hundred years ago live again before our eyes in all their terrible reality.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

In spite of his rigid, not to say narrow, ecclesiastical position, "Bishop Andrewes" will always rank with the most remarkable and saintly prelates of the English Church. Fuller terms him a "peerless prelate"; but that is not a view which can be allowed to pass unchallenged. Bishop Andrewes spent too much time in spiritual ecstasy and self-examination to do adequate justice to the practical demands of his position. We have it on contemporary evidence that he passed about five hours of each day in meditation and prayer, and though this circumstance has enriched the devotional literature of Christendom, it hindered the unworldly and bookish recluse in the discharge of the duties of his high calling. Although Bishop Andrewes held three sees in succession—Chichester, Ely, and Winchester—he was not a great prelate. He was, however, a distinguished theologian of the new Anglo-Catholic school—the forerunner of Laud, though not, like him, a merciless persecutor. No man in England in the seventeenth century was more consumed by passionate hostility to prelatical claim than the author of "Paradise Lost"; but it is a remarkable circumstance that one of John Milton's earliest sonnets was inspired by the desire to do honour to the memory of Lancelot Andrewes. It was the personal charm of the man which rendered him impressive, his aloofness from the spirit of the age, the modest austerity of his life, the sweetness of his temper, and what George Herbert called the "whiteness of his soul." Lord Bacon held Bishop Andrewes in "special reverence," and no more astute judge of quality in man could well be summoned. The fame of Andrewes chiefly rests on his published sermons—which have suggested comparisons with those of Jeremy Taylor—and on his book of "Private Devotions," a volume which breathes an exalted spirit. Dr. Alexander Whyte has just published a choice and scholarly volume—partly conceived on biographical and partly on critical lines—concerning Bishop Andrewes and his classic manual. He states that the transcript of the "Private Devotions" contained in these pages was made with the help of the current Greek and Latin printed texts, and the versions of Drake, Stanhope, Hall, Newman, Neale, and Venables, as well as that of "a private hand before the transcriber." Dr. Whyte has caught with remarkable success the characteristics of Andrewes, and he makes the modern reader understand, by many vivid touches of delineation, this man of high intellectual gifts, profound learning, lively humour, gentle sympathies, and rare elevation of spirit. Bishop Andrewes was a model of episcopal hospitality—so that it was said of him that he kept Christmas all the year round—and Dr. Whyte does justice to his noble courtesy. It is interesting to learn that Bacon submitted "The Advancement of Learning" to Andrewes, whom he playfully termed his inquisitor, with a request for criticisms and corrections. Bishop Andrewes and the world of spiritual communion he lived in are admirably described in these pages. It is almost superfluous to add, since the name indicates as much, that the "Private Devotions" was a volume which was never meant for publication. Bishop Andrewes wrote the little book for his own edification and guidance, and afterwards gave it to his friend, Archbishop Laud.

"Gluck and the Opera" is the title which Mr. Ernest Newman gives to a vigorous and critical survey of the influence of the great composer on the development of modern ideas of music. The two sources of inspiration in authorship, according to Lowell, are a full head and an empty pocket; and the remark perhaps extends with equal force to the composition of music. Anyhow, Gluck, who was born in a small Bavarian village, in humble circumstances, in 1714, when a student at Prague University found himself forced to eke out a slender allowance from home by stirring up the gift which was in him, and which otherwise might have lain dormant. Music had been to him nothing more than a favourite recreation, but finding himself under the necessity of making some attempt at self-help, he began to give lessons in singing and the violin, as well as to play in the churches. During his vacation rambles Gluck charmed the rustic ear, Mr. Newman tells us, with waltzes and polkas, and was paid for his services in eggs. He was accustomed to carry the ticklish load to the nearest town, and to barter such homely rewards of his art for current coin. In 1736 he went to Vienna, and at the age of twenty-two began his career as a professional musician. He found a patron in Prince Lobkowitz, and through his kindly offices became known in the brilliant circle which formed the Court of Charles VI. Count Melzi, who was an enthusiastic lover of music, seems to have recognised thus early the dawning genius of the young Bavarian, whom he carried off to Milan in order that he might receive tuition from a celebrated master. Gluck remained in Italy until 1741, and in his twenty-seventh year he finally threw off his pupilage and at once asserted his individuality as an operatic composer. He produced eight operas in five years, and before the end of that period his reputation had travelled over the whole of Europe. In 1746 he was in London, and wrote an opera for the Haymarket Theatre. Handel's supremacy in England was at that time unchallenged, and everyone had heard his contemptuous remark to the effect that Gluck knew no more about counterpoint than his cook. Mr. Newman quotes an anecdote, however, which seems to show either that the saying is fictitious or that Handel had the grace to act a better part. Dejected at the bad reception of his opera, Gluck went to Handel for advice, bearing the score with him for that musician's inspection. "You have taken too much trouble over your opera," said Handel. "If you want to work for the English, you must give them something tumultuous—like the rattle of drumsticks on a drum!" Gluck is said to have taken the hint, and to have added trombones to his orchestra. It is impossible to follow his career further, though Gluck's relations to the intellectual life of his epoch are admirably indicated, as well as the manner in which he brought about the reform of the opera. Whilst the appeal of the book is chiefly to musicians, the general reader will find much of interest in its pages in the vivid biographical sense.

Mrs. Quillinan, Wordsworth's daughter Dora, nearly fifty years ago, wrote a pleasant book of holiday sketches, entitled "A Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal." Life in the Peninsula has, of course, changed greatly since the vivid and picturesque sketches were written, but the book has merits of exact description which are enough to account, quite apart from the personal interest, for the present reprint. Mr. Edmund Lee, who edits the volume, has added a memoir of Wordsworth's favourite child, the girl-friend of Edith Southey and Sarah Coleridge. Sir Henry Taylor has left it on record that a pathetic silence fell upon the old poet after his child's death, and we

---

* Lancelot Andrewes and his Private Devotions. A Biography, a Transcript, and an Interpretation. By Alexander Whyte. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

Gluck and the Opera. A Study in Musical History. By Ernest Newman. London: Bertram Dobell.

Journal of a Few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain. By Dora Wordsworth (Mrs. Quillinan). Edited, with Memoir, by Edmund Lee. Portrait. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Introduction to the Study of Fungi. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D., A.L.S. London: Adam & Charles Black.

Under Crescent and Star. By Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Haggard, D.S.O., Author of "Dodo and I," etc. Portrait. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Great Missionaries. By the Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., and J. A. B. Goodnow. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Portraits of Authors and Artists. London: Cassell & Co.

know that when Wordsworth himself lay dying a year or two later his thoughts turned wistfully towards Dora. The book is interesting on the writer's account, as well as because Mrs. Quillinan inherited a fine sense of style and the gift of lucid description.

Amongst books of greater and lesser importance, which we have only at the moment space to mention, is Dr. Cooke's elaborate and, indeed, authoritative "Introduction to the Study of Fungi." The book appeals to advanced scientific students, and therefore there is the less need to dwell on its merits, since Dr. Cooke has been regarded for twenty years as an authority on the subject and has published at least five or six volumes on different aspects of it. In the present pages Dr. Cooke, who hints that this is probably his last production of any importance to British Mycology, has written a standard text-book which is fully a breast of modern research and which explains the organography, classification and distribution of fungi for the use of collectors.—Lieutenant-Colonel Haggard gives with the title "Under Crescent and Star" a lively account of military experiences in Egypt, and of life in camp and Cairo. He describes the battle of El Teb and other engagements, and the book throws curious and detailed light on the incidents of the Egyptian Campaign and the characteristics of what the author terms the Egyptian Tommy Atkins.—"Great Missionaries" is a title which explains itself, and it belongs to a book of character sketches descriptive of the labours and heroism of men like John Williams and Robert Moffat, Bishop Hannington and Alexander Mackay, and living representatives of faith and daring like the Rev. Griffith John, of China, and the Rev. J. C. Paton, of the New Hebrides. There are in all twenty-three of these pen-and-ink portraits, and the volume constitutes a veritable book of golden deeds.

A little volume of nearly seventy "Portraits of Authors and Artists who have contributed towards the production of the volumes published by Cassell & Co., Ltd.," contains the faces of so many popular favourites—beginning with Mr. Stanley Weyman and ending with Mr. Gissing—that it has an interest beyond and above that which it possesses as a specimen of the art of advertising. A copy of the exquisite handwriting of "Q" and other autographs are also given.

NOTICE.

—o—

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received NOT LATER than THURSDAY MORNING.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to THE SPEAKER Office, 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and ADVERTISEMENTS to "THE MANAGER."

The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS BY POST.

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly	14s.
Quarterly	7s.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

Front and Back Cover and First Page facing matter, £12.

Page	£10	0	0	Narrow Column ...	£3 6 8
Half-Page	5	0	0	Half-Column	1 13 4
Quarter-Page	2	10	0	Quarter-Column ...	0 16 8

COMPANIES.

Outside Page	£14	0	0	Inside Page	£12 0 0

Smaller spaces *pro rata*.

Terms: net.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF SUITABLE BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS IS KEPT IN STOCK IN THE SHOW ROOMS.

A full and REVISED CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE sent post free on application.

A SELECTION of GOOD EDITIONS of FRENCH and GERMAN STANDARD AUTHORS in LEATHER BINDINGS is also kept in STOCK.

A POPULAR CHRISTMAS PRESENT IS A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LIBRARY.

TERMS ON APPLICATION.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited, 30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON;
241, Brompton Road, S.W.; and 48, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
And at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Holiday Trains.

London & North Western Railway.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1895.

On FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 21st, and 23rd,

The Night Irish Mail due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m. will not leave until 8.40 p.m.

THE MAIL STEAMER FOR KINGSTOWN WILL WAIT THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT HOLYHEAD.

On TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24th,

Special Trains will be run from Willesden Junction at 2.55 p.m. for Bletchley, Wolverton, Rugby, principal Stations on the Trent Valley Line, and Stafford, in advance of the 2.45 p.m. ordinary train from Euston; and from Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham.

The Night Irish Mail, due to leave Euston at 8.20 p.m, will not leave until 9.5 p.m.

The Mail Steamer for Kingstown will wait the arrival of the Train at Holyhead.

The 12.0 night Train from London (**Euston**), due at Warrington at 5.15 a.m. on Wednesday, December 25th, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week days.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

A Special Train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crewe, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester, Ireland, Lancaster, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

The ordinary Sunday Service of Trains will be in operation.

ON BANK HOLIDAY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26th,

the Express Trains usually leaving London (Euston) at 12.0 noon and 4.0 p.m. **will not be run,** passengers will be conveyed by the 12.10 p.m. and 4.10 p.m. trains respectively. The 4.30 p.m., London (Euston) to Birmingham and Wolverhampton, will also be discontinued, and passengers will be conveyed by the 5.0 p.m. train, except those for Market Harboro', Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, &c., who must travel by the 3.0 p.m. train from Euston. The 8.10 p.m., Euston to Tring, will not run. Numerous residential trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run.

The Up and Down Dining Saloons between London, Liverpool, and Manchester, will not be run on BANK HOLIDAY, but the Corridor Dining Car trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars, see Special Notices issued by the Company.

FRED. HARRISON,
London, Dec. 1895. ***General Manager.***